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John McLaughlin on
Reagan and the New Right
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Vol. 35 No. 12

JUNE 24, 1983

NATIONAL REVIEW

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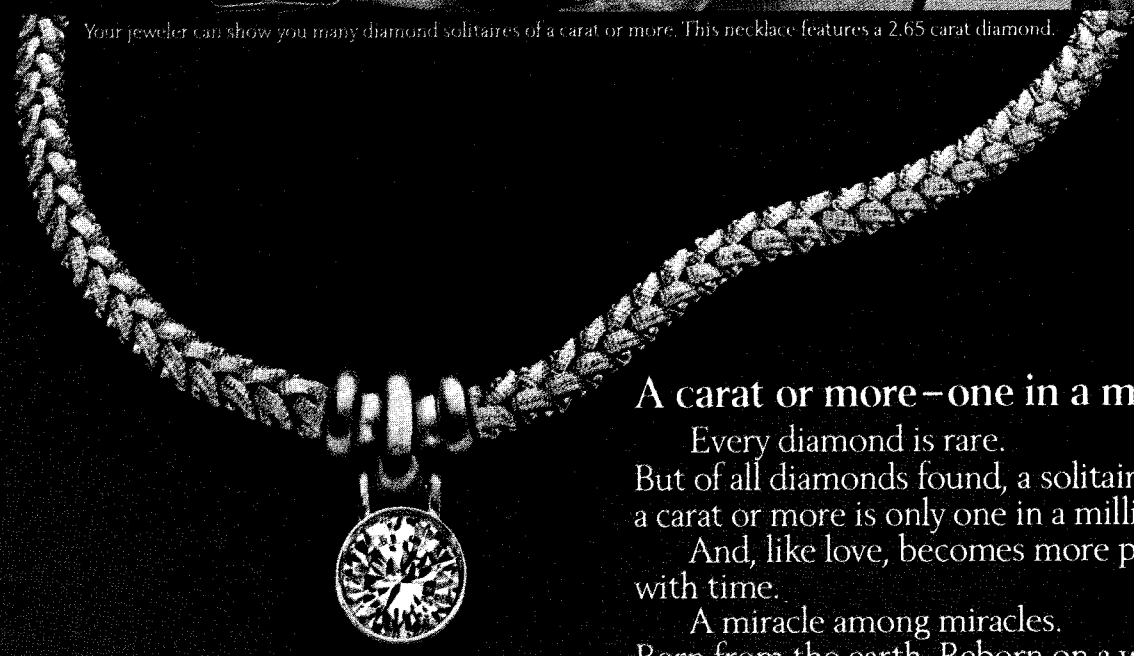

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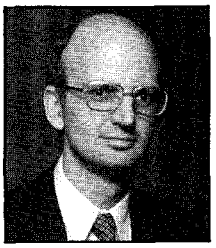

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It's back: rouged and powdered, the corpse of the Equal Rights Amendment is trudging into Congress once more. Conservatives may want to oppose it again—but they might instead consider amending the amendment before it passes, not only to make it acceptable, but to turn it into an effective instrument for restraining the runaway judiciary.
Lincoln C. Oliphant

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For some conservatives, the Reagan era so far has been frustrating and disorienting. They should adopt a new tack for 1984. *John McLaughlin*

741 Invertebrate Spain
Under González, as under Franco, major questions about Spain's identity remain unanswered.
Brian Crozier

750 The Revolt That Shook the Red World
"I'm one of you!" the Communist official pleaded to a delegation of striking workers in East Berlin. "What do you know about work?" a bricklayer cried. "Show the people your hands!"
Curtis W. Casewit

751 Should We Bring Home the Troops?
The Soviets enjoy conventional superiority over our allies in Western Europe and elsewhere, quite apart from nuclear superiority, and our defense of those allies is widely felt—by the beneficiaries—to be essentially our affair. But will they defend themselves?
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753 What Do Europeans Want?
What they want is less obvious than what they need: a few more libertarians; fewer laws and more law. *Richard Brookhiser*

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Flower power. It takes weeks to grow a rose, but the Society of American Florists needed only two days to get Congress to approve a "Floraboard."
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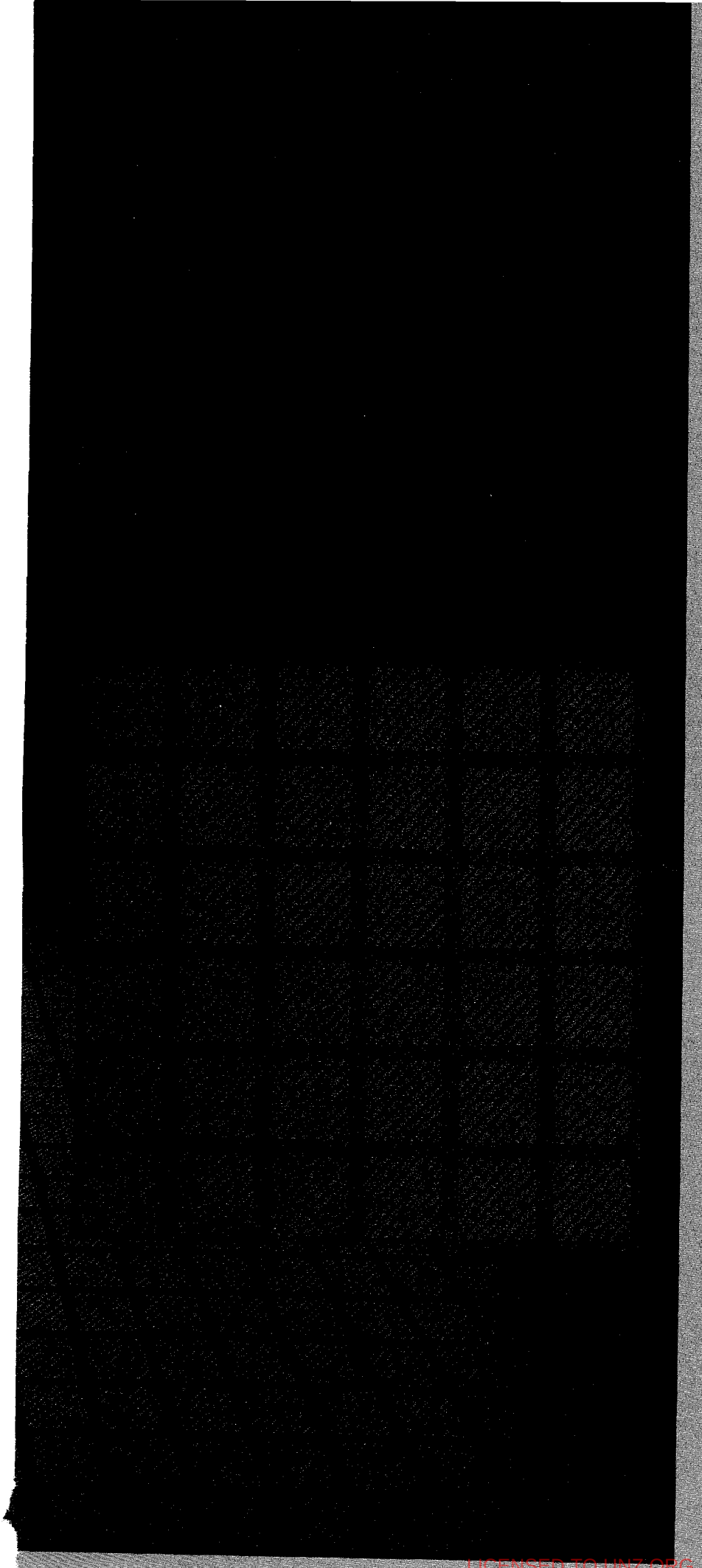

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Letters

A Williamsburg Win

Although your writing on the Williamsburg Summit was more specific than the declaration the world leaders produced, there was one detail that Tom Bethell clearly did not expect ["The Williamsburg Caper," June 10]. Mr. Bethell wonders "why President Reagan dignifies these gatherings with his presence." Since Mr. Reagan was hailed as "a very clever player" and "a fair and skillful moderator," perhaps Mr. Bethell will note that this Administration was neither blamed nor undermined; it was bolstered.

Robert Shea
Rye, N.Y.

Evolving Opposition

Through the years I have usually concurred with the positions Russell Kirk has taken in his columns. A notable exception is "The Rediscovery of Creation" [May 27]. The modern, synthetic theory of organic evolution recognizes five basic types of processes: gene mutation, changes in chromosome structure and number, genetic recombination, natural selection, and reproductive isolation. The first three provide the genetic variability without which change cannot take place; natural selection and reproductive isolation guide populations into adaptive channels. If Mr. Kirk's high-school and college teachers of biology aren't cognizant of the above, then hiring practices at certain schools should be re-evaluated, not the evolutionary theory.

Whether one agrees with Carl Sagan or not, he certainly stimulates thinking. His views, and those of Jastrow and Asimov for instance, are infinitely more acceptable than the kind that forced Galileo to renounce any views that were at variance with the Ptolemaic system. Did Galileo's "meaninglessness of existence" cease at that point?

Joseph Mangold
Nome, Alaska

Interpreting Lasers

Walter McDougall's "How Not to Think about Space Lasers" [May 13], a cogent explanation of the arguments in the field, is all the more remarkable because it was obviously done without benefit of technical knowledge. Since most readers do not know the technology, he rightly argued from logic and strategic principles and avoided misinforming his readers with technological issues he is not in a position to judge.

Nevertheless, Mr. McDougall mistakenly gave the impression that the ABM treaty (SALT I) prohibits the deployment in space of defensive laser weapons. It does not. In international law, nations are bound only by the specific language of treaties. Treaties do not oblige nations with regard to things that are not specifically identified and defined. SALT I does prohibit space-based ABM systems. But the only definition of such systems in the treaty is in terms of radars, launchers, and missiles. We have had little success holding the Soviets to our definition of what ground-based radars, launchers, and missiles are and are not for ABM. On what ground could we—or the Soviets—hold that a weapon on the other side placed in orbit would be an ABM weapon within the meaning of the treaty? The authors of the treaty recognized the impossibility of doing this, and inserted "Agreed Interpretation D," which says that when components based on "other physical principles" and able to substitute for ABM radars, launchers, and missiles are created, the United States and the Soviet Union would discuss how they might be defined and limited. Obviously, the treaty could not say that a particular kind of laser was banned before that sort of laser was conceived—and of course it did not. As a result, the only obligation SALT I imposes on us with regard to directed-energy weapons is to talk.

[*Senator*] *Malcolm Wallop*
Washington, D.C.

Standing Firm

Maybe the President denied planning to raise taxes. Or maybe he put his foot down when confronted with such talk. But did he make, as Cato reported ["Letter from Washington," June 10], a "flat-footed denial"?

Herbert Baudelaire
La Crosse, Wis.

Cause—Effect

In the editorial "Suicide in Central America" [May 13], you make the following statement: "But both Central and South America have a history of political violence and instability—important causes of regional poverty." One of my "liberal" friends insists that political violence and instability in those regions is a result rather than a cause of their poverty. Isn't that true?

Donald T. Steward
Cambridgeport, Vt.

Frigid Foresight

To judge by the expressions of many U.S. senators, no person is fit to represent this

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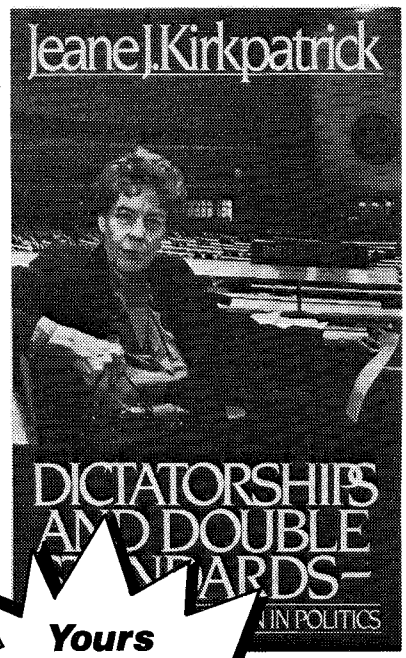

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- "The failure of the Carter administration's foreign policy is now clear to everyone except its architects, and even they must entertain private doubts from time to time about a policy whose crowning achievement was to lay the groundwork for a transfer of the Panama Canal."
- "Assisting 'change' did not lead the Carter administration to undertake the destabilization of a *Communist* country. The principles of self-determination and nonintervention are thus both selectively applied. We accepted the status quo in Communist nations (in the name of 'diversity' and national autonomy), but not in nations ruled by 'right wing' dictators or white oligarchies."

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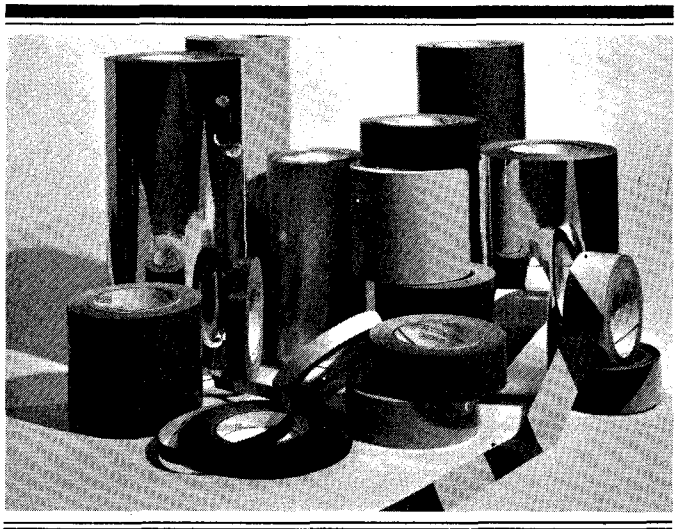

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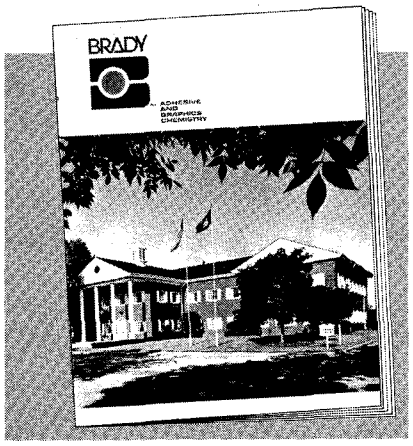

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nation in negotiations with Communists unless he is willing to give away a good deal. Witness the controversy over Mr. Adelman ["The Week," March 18] and now Mr. Stone. In response to this clear guidance, I suggest that U.S. negotiators demonstrate their willingness for "give-and-take" (i.e., we give, they take) by offering to cede a portion of the United States to Russia. This would have the obvious advantage of guaranteeing that Russia would never attack the United States, because history shows us the great concern felt by the Kremlin hierarchs for their own people.

I further suggest that Massachusetts is an ideal part to cede as a first expression of good faith. Both of that state's senators, based on their statements, fully understand the necessity of giving up bargaining points to the Soviets even if nothing is received in return. There would also be a supplementary benefit for American citizens in general since such action would advance by several years the answer to the question, "What role in the scheme of things do our liberal politicians see for themselves when the Russians take over?"

D. R. Wurst
APO, New York

Stats on Sweden

George Gilder ["Family, Faith, and Economic Progress," April 15] raised the extremely important issue of the interrelationships between the family as an institution and laissez-faire as an economic system. He also asserted that Sweden is a dangerous example of what happens when a welfare state overexpands.

His data, however, are misleading, and his conclusions, therefore, fail to show that there is in fact more similarity than dissimilarity between the U.S. and Sweden in family matters. A few figures may be of interest.

1. In 1979 the ratio of induced abortions to all terminated pregnancies (the other causes being spontaneous abortions and late fetal deaths) was 0.27 in Sweden (not 0.50 as Mr. Gilder stated) and 0.30 in the United States.

2. While 36 per cent of all children in Sweden were born out of wedlock in 1978, so were 17 per cent in the U.S. in 1979. The illegitimacy rate was thus not three times as high in Sweden as in the U.S., but twice as high.

3. Sweden does not have a divorce rate 60 per cent higher than the United States. In 1979, the rate of divorce per 1,000 persons of the respective populations was 2.45 in Sweden and 5.31 in the U.S.; thus the U.S. rate is 120 per cent higher. The most important indicator, namely the rate of divorce per 1,000 married couples in various years in the late 1970s was as follows: 22.4 in the U.S., 15.4 in the USSR, 13.4 in Sweden, and 8.4 in England and Wales.

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From all the indicators, the United States is the world champion of divorce.

4. On the other hand, Sweden is the world champion in the decline of marriage. The proportion of women ever-married at ages 20 to 24 in the U.S. was 71.5 per cent in 1959 and 57.4 per cent in 1976; in Sweden 44 per cent in 1959, and 28.1 per cent in 1980. Evidently fewer people feel the need to establish families since the modern welfare state takes care of personal as well as public welfare.

5. The main problem, however, is neither abortions nor illegitimate births, but the very low fertility rate, which is far below the minimum replacement level in all welfare states. While about 2.1 births per woman are needed in the U.S. and Sweden, the rate was about 1.8 in both countries in the late 1970s and early 1980s. As the number of younger people declines relative to the number of older people, there will be less competition in the economy, less technological advancement, lower productivity, higher taxes, and general economic decline. Since the state claims to take care of the social security of the elderly, people embark on a sense of false security and reduce childbearing below the replacement level. In this respect, Sweden and the U.S., as well as other welfare states, are exactly in the same boat.

Mikhail S. Bernstam
Stanford, Calif.

Since my article was the transcript of a mostly extemporaneous speech, some of the statistics were unfortunately presented somewhat unclearly. Though I am grateful for his interesting letter, I cannot say that Mr. Bernstam adds much clarity to my specific data. The 50 per cent abortion figure, for example, applied to pregnancies of women under 25; the 40 per cent illegitimacy rate was a UN estimate in 1981; I believe it to be true that that rate is triple ours (I find it hard to explain Bernstam's 17 per cent U.S. figure; I got a number closer to 12 per cent from the National Bureau of Health Statistics). For whites in the two countries, the Swedish illegitimacy rate is four times ours. Our extraordinary 55 per cent rate for blacks, as I have argued at length elsewhere, is the result of the focus of the U.S. welfare system on the inner city. The murkiness of divorce data is illustrated by Bernstam's presentation of it. A more relevant figure is the age-adjusted divorce rate per 1,000 married couples. In any case, I am not ready to concede that the United States is the world champion of divorce without more careful analysis of the numbers than is offered in Mr. Bernstam's paragraph number three. However, the devastating impact of the welfare and sexual-liberationist state is indeed dramatized by the condition of both Swedish and American families.

—GEORGE GILDER

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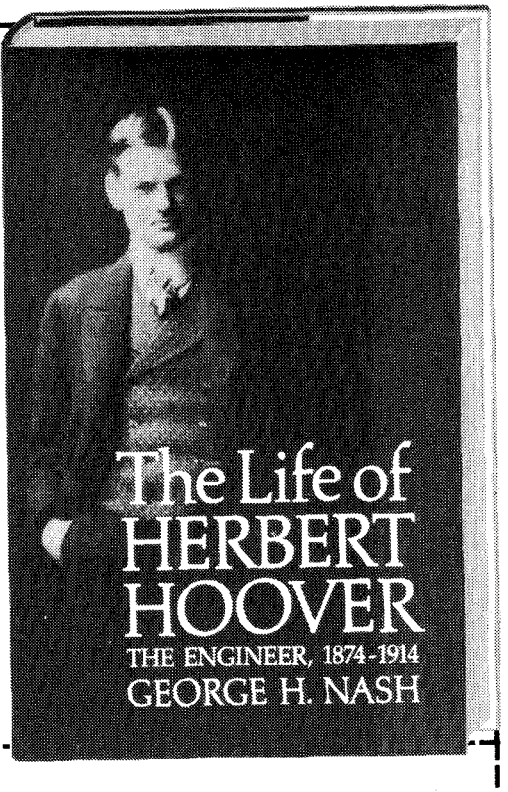

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FOR THE RECORD

■ **Ronald Reagan**'s dazzling performance at Williamsburg was, among other things, say **Evans & Novak**, result of intensive, well-thought-through White House staff drilling. They credit **Bill Clark** with orchestrating much of it; others on the scene say Reagan also got great assist in Pershing II, cruise-missile negotiations from Britain's **Margaret Thatcher**. . . . On the retention of Reagan's third-year 10 per cent tax cut, **Robert Dole**, chairman of Senate Finance Committee, says it's the "safest bet in town," but that it will be a "tough fight." Reason it will pass could be reflected in recent Heritage Foundation/**Sindlinger** poll showing 54.9 per cent favor retaining tax cut, 54.2 per cent favor going ahead with planned 1985 indexation of taxes. . . . How's Reagan doing with blue-collar voters? OK, says GOP pollster **Richard Wirthlin**, who finds the President getting about same percentage of blue-collar vote now as in Nov. 1980. . . . But Reagan's standing with women is worrying White House political-affairs aide **Ed Rollins**. In '80, Reagan got 48 per cent of women's vote; that figure is down to 30 per cent today.

■ Passé, that was feeling at ADA convention, where President the Rev. **Robert Drinan** commented that this was the worst time "for liberals in the last fifty years," and the would-be Democratic contenders and their agents failed even to put in an appearance. . . . Other presidential hopefuls not so displeased at **John Glenn**'s recent surge in the polls at the expense of **Walter Mondale**. Their reasoning: Mondale's the big obstacle. He's got to be knocked out before they have a chance. . . . Mondale's been getting it in press for what some are now describing as his "Grapes of Wrath" oratory. He's also been hurt by Sen. **Paul Tsongas**'s support of Glenn. Tsongas is head of the so-called Atari Democrats, the neo-liberals who've turned their backs on **Hubert Humphrey** liberalism. . . . The dream ticket for '84, says *U.S. News*, would be a Glenn-**Cuomo** ticket, which should attract Midwesterners, a certain number of Southerners, plus ethnics, Catholics, Northeastern liberals, and—let's not forget—patriots. . . . On which score be it noted that all the presidential contenders who voted on MX—**Gary Hart**, **Alan Cranston**, and John Glenn—voted against funding it. **Fritz Hollings** was absent that day. . . . At the senatorial level, **Teddy Kennedy**'s Fund for a Democratic Majority is busy raising funds these days to destabilize certain Republican conservative senators: **Roger Jepsen** (endangered), **Jesse Helms** (doing better in recent polls), **John Tower** (Republicans lost the Texas governorship last year, making it harder for Tower), and **Gordon Humphrey** (way up in recent polls).

Shailo, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"If you ask about the price reductions, sir, you can't afford the car!"

■ Poor **Michael Foot**: **Peter Jenkins** in liberal *Manchester Guardian* says he served his (Labour) party as "a kind of walking obituary"; the London *Times* says of the party's performance that it was "the love that Labour lost." . . . In France, **Jacques Chirac**, mayor of Paris, and head of the Rally for the Republic Party (the Gaullist party), has taken a look at the polls, and the streets, and suggested that **François Mitterrand** call a national referendum to judge his economic program—a political fastball: **de Gaulle** called a referendum after the '68 unrest and resigned when it indicated he had lost the confidence of the nation. . . . The Soviet bloc may think twice before again inviting an international group, in this case the IPU (Inter-Parliamentary Union), to meet in one of its capitals, in this case Budapest. According to MTI, the Hungarian press agency, Norwegian parliamentarian **Bjorn Stordrange** accused the USSR of fomenting the present East-West tension; U.S. Rep. **Elliott Levitas** (D., Ga.) accused Russia of frustrating disarmament talks. . . . East German authorities were having none of it. When **Petra Kelly**, head of the West German Green Party and a newly elected member of the Bundestag, tried to join an East German disarmament demonstration, she was hustled into a police car and rushed back across border. Then the cops beat up the demonstrators.

■ *NR*'s Asininity of the Week Award goes to student government of Hunter College for awarding a plaque to **Maurice Bishop**, prime minister of Grenada, in "recognition of his attempts to continue friendly relations with the U.S." in the face of Reagan intransigence.

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THE WEEK

■ On the Pope case: What did Andropov know, and when did he know it?

■ The line has held. As the July 1 deadline approaches, it looks as if the third-year tax cut is safe. True, the House may still pass Tip O'Neill's $700 "cap" on taxpayer savings, a ploy that would squeeze all those Rockefellers and Vanderbilts earning $36,000 and $41,000 and $49,000 a year. Conceivably the cap might even pass the Senate too. But none of this would be any more than empty political posturing, as all sides now realize. President Reagan's veto now seems less like a matador's cape, to be pulled back at the last moment, and more like a brick wall. Reagan supporters can feel the sense of exhilaration that comes from successfully facing down a year-long campaign in the press. They can also proceed to carry the battle to the opponents' territory on the spending side, where the veto threat is just as potent, and where the widely felt need to cut the deficit works in their favor.

■ The President has won a battle in Congress over the MX missile, but it is only the first round. The anti-MX forces are even now preparing another assault. These are the people who six months ago refused to admit that there was any such thing as a window of vulnerability. The notion that the USSR could destroy the U.S. Minuteman force in a disarming first strike was preposterous, they said. Now that the Administration has accepted the recommendations of the Scowcroft Commission and plans to deploy the MX in Minuteman silos, this crowd has suddenly discovered vulnerability. Their foremost argument against the MX now is that the new missiles will be "sitting ducks" in Minuteman silos. At least some of the opposition are arguing that the U.S. should move forward with the next generation of presumably less vulnerable missiles, the so-called midgetmen. But can we really afford to wait for the next generation when we skipped the previous one? This looks like a diversionary tactic. Rest assured that when we do finally get around to building the midgetman missile the opposition will have found plenty of arguments against it.

■ The Administration has given Nicaragua 24 hours to close its consulates in six American cities, all officials and their dependents to be out of the U.S. no more than 48 hours later. However, diplomatic relations remain intact, and the Washington embassy open. The move came in retaliation for Sandinista charges that three U.S. diplomats who were expelled from Managua earlier in the week had been engaged in spying and plotting assassination. The U.S. regards the spying and assassination charges as false and as part of an official attempt to whip up anti-U.S. feeling as well as to justify further repression. Consequently, a stern response was called for. More broadly, these developments signal a harder U.S. line toward the Marxist government and represent a political plus for Edén Pastora's insurgent effort.

■ May we humbly submit that the cause of deterrence and the general peace would be greatly served if the midgetman missile were renamed monsterman?

■ The Supreme Court will soon rule on the question of whether the Nuclear Regulatory Commission must take into account unfounded fears, as well as legitimate ones, before letting the undamaged plant at Three Mile Island reopen. A lower court has ruled that since nuclear operations could have an unsettling effect on fearful local residents, whether or not they are actually dangerous, it is arbitrary and capricious for the NRC not to take these psychological strains into account. If the agency loses the case it will presumably have to weigh seriously any fears of nearby residents that the infernal generator might sour their milk, cause unexplained loud noises in their attics, or impair the efficacy of their Pennsylvania Dutch hex signs. That is the way, in Washington, to avoid arbitrariness and capriciousness.

■ Walter Mondale and John Brademas attacked President Reagan's educational policies. Mario Cuomo attacked the President for turning his back on the poor. Teddy Kennedy attacked the President's Central American policies. Jack Greenberg attacked the President for turning back the clock on civil rights. E. L. Doctorow attacked the President for being Ronald Reagan. Nope, it wasn't the Democratic telethon. Just these gents edifying the graduates at various commencement exercises.

Senator Dole's Conversion

Some say, like Saul of Tarsus, he's
Already falling to his knees;
That, having seen the light, he's all
For saintly living, like St. Paul.
But lest, as sinners have before,
The senator should slide once more,
Let's wait until he takes an axe
To last year's $90-billion tax.

W. H. von Dreele

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Listen-and-learn at your own pace

This is a practical, easy-to-learn program that will work for you—no matter how slow a reader you think you are now. The *Speed Learning Program* is scientifically planned to get you started quickly . . . to help you in spare minutes a day. It brings you a "teacher-on-cassettes" who guides you, instructs, encourages you, explaining material as you read. Interesting items taken from *Time* Magazine, *Business Week, Wall Street Journal, Family Circle, N.Y. Times* and many others, make the program stimulating, easy and fun . . . and so much more effective.

Executives, students, professional people, men and women in all walks of life from 15 to 70 have benefited from this program. Speed Learning is a fully accredited course . . . costing only 1/5 the price of less effective speed reading classroom courses. Now you can examine the same, easy, practical and proven methods at home . . . in spare time . . . without risking a penny.

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You will be thrilled at how quickly this program will begin to develop new thinking and reading skills. After listening to just one cassette and reading the preface you will quickly see how you can achieve increases in both the speed at which you read and in the amount you understand and remember.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The Capitol flap of the week centers on Seymour Hersh's about-to-be-published tract against Henry Kissinger, *The Price of Power*, in which—if journalists' saloon talk is to be believed—Sy took aim at Henry and shot Hersh. The media community here, with its own idiosyncratic sense of fairness—like honor among thieves—has been quick to point out that Sy has been gunning for Kissinger for almost two decades (so forget objectivity or balance), that he is a left-wing ideologue with an agenda, and that if *The Price of Power* is all Hersh can do to nail Kissinger, then Kissinger can sit back and relax until the remaining Nixon tapes are made public. After all, everyone knows that Kissinger was tricky, with a leavening share of opportunism and ambition, but not everyone knew that Hersh is such a malevolent *causiste*.

Letters are turning up around the city, written by Hersh at various stages of his four-year project, in which he solicits information (dirt) on Kissinger. In one of these, dated April 1979 and addressed to a former high-ranking member of the Nixon Administration, Sy describes his departure from the *New York Times*, and notes that Richard Nixon's memoirs are "as one-sided as Kalb's on Kissinger," adding:

> My own research—I've been a Kissinger watcher for 11 years—leads me to believe that whatever Kissinger writes will not have much to do with reality. I am not going to try to tell you that I am writing a friendly book about Kissinger. I think he is basically incapable of telling the truth.

So, according to the Hershian School of Biography you first form your bias, then shore it up with all the data you can muster, impartiality taking the hindmost. David Halberstam (*The Powers That Be*) and Harrison Salisbury (*Without Fear or Favor*) corroborate this account of Hersh's virulent anti-Kissinger animus. Also, it is heard around town, Cyrus Vance, when he was Secretary of State, lamented to aides about Hersh's unwillingness or inability to see any side of an issue except his own.

In 1979, Hersh was one of a few American journalists permitted by the Communist Vietnamese to visit their land, where he stayed ten days and sent back copious reports to the *New York Times*. Those pieces are remembered here principally for having passed along the North Vietnamese propaganda line, including six hours of interviews with the foreign minister wherein he was given a platform to condemn the United States at length for failing to normalize relations with his country. The boat people, according to Hersh, were those who had cooperated with the Americans during the war, hence could not acclimatize to life under Communism, and so fled the country. Vietnamese forced-labor Gulags are just "re-education camps" in Hersh's lexicon. The government does not seize refugees' money and possessions, there is no bloodbath, and the New Economic Zones (described in 1979 by the liberal Jesuit, Father Robert Drinan, as "concentration camps") are cultural and social success stories.

Got the picture? Over the years, Mr. Hersh has written passionately about Chile, Angola, chemical and biological weapons—all of which you could write in your head, never having seen Hersh's script. Hersh's reporting on the oversight of CIA covert operations by the House Committee on Intelligence was so skewed that the committee's ultra-liberal chairman, Massachusetts Congressman Edward Boland, pronounced it "misleading." Sy has the CIA on the brain, Washington types agree. The Hershian Research Methodology, it is remarked cynically but largely correctly hereabouts, is, simply, to cut a deal: Let me into Vietnam, and I'll do a puff piece on Communism. Give me some dirt on Henry, and you'll come off smelling like a rose.

If this huge volume was designed to nail Kissinger, it falls on its face. Hersh relies heavily, for example, on the testimony of John Mitchell. But Mitchell has described (to Cato) almost every episode or statement on Kissinger ascribed to him by Hersh as, variously, a distortion, an exaggeration, a misinterpretation, or an expletive-deleted lie. Further, when Hersh and a publisher's envoy visited the former Attorney General seeking his affirmation of the book's accuracy, Mr. Mitchell rejected the request on the spot.

Of all the criticisms heard in this sophisticated city, especially from Seymour Hersh's peers, the most damning of all is that this book is essentially gossip-column tricky-track. It is a *tour de force* that fails to come to grips with the merits of the Nixon-Kissinger foreign policy, whether on Vietnam, the Middle East, Red China, or the Soviet Union. Nowhere is there any developed appraisal of whether and to what extent that policy succeeded or failed. In fact, even Kissinger's character, despite seven hundred pages, remains curiously unappraised. Perhaps this is because the focus of the book was less on Kissinger and more on Hersh, and his obsession.

—CATO

■ Ramsey Clark was scheduled to give the commencement address. Angry students, however, objected, pointing to his consistent support of Communist and otherwise anti-American regimes. Quickly a movement spread across campus to demand that Clark be disinvited. His speech would be disrupted, the students warned; there were even hints that bottles and other missiles might come into play. Regretfully the president of the college informed Clark that his safety could not be guaranteed; perhaps it would be best if he withdrew . . . At this point we bolted up in bed, realized we had overslept, and hastily got up and dressed for work.

■ The Supreme Court of Illinois ruled on May 27 that Walter Polovchak—who ran away from home in July 1980, rather than return to the Soviet Union—was not sufficiently "beyond the control" of his parents to warrant being made a ward of the court. (See "The Littlest Defector," March 18.) Although the court held that Walter's parents are entitled to custody, however, they must return to Illinois if they wish to exercise that right. The court's opinion did not authorize Walter's parents to remove him to the Soviet Union; indeed, federal proceedings that are now pending—including a "department control order" issued last year by the Immigration Department, barring Walter's involuntary removal through all embarkation points—would stand in the way. One of Walter's lawyers, Henry Mark Holzer, commented, "To

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Castro's Revolutionary Fix

know who won in the Illinois Supreme Court, just answer one question: Who's going where; is Walter going to the Soviet Union, or must his parents come here?"

■ Trouble on the freeze front. "After a week of disaster for the disarmament movement in the United States, most leaders of the freeze movement seem reluctant to acknowledge that a year's effort has produced little more than the Potemkin village of one pro forma resolution in the House of Representatives. Only a year after the mighty rally last June 12 in New York City, the freeze movement is now, in the estimate of a few realistic leaders, a ragtag of good intentions." (Cockburn and Ridgeway, *The Village Voice*, June 7.) Among other things, the unity among Western leaders on Pershing II deployment, articulated at Williamsburg, has put the freeze on political meltdown.

■ After 15 years as undisputed head of the Palestine Liberation Organization, Yasir Arafat has some serious competition. Radicals within his own (Al Fatah) faction of the PLO, abetted by Syrian President Hafez al-Assad, have split with Arafat, charging that he no longer believes in armed struggle. After a war of words that lasted three weeks, the factions clashed in an hour-long military exchange that left eight dead and 17 wounded. With reconciliation now virtually out of the question, Arafat appears to have two choices: he can cut his losses and continue to rule what is left of the PLO, or he can accept President Assad's suggestions that the rebels be reinstated and the leadership of the PLO divided between Arafat's supporters and the new rebel faction. Arafat is seeking a third way out. He has dispatched his second in command, Abu Iyad, on a mission to Moscow for the purpose of persuading the Kremlin to apply pressure on Assad to ease the pressure on Arafat. The Kremlin gives this kind of help at a very high price.

■ In 1970 Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature; however, fearing that if he left Russia he would never be allowed to return, he did not go to Stockholm to deliver his acceptance speech. That speech was duly printed by the Nobel Committee, but it has never been given orally until now, in the form of a film, *One Word of Truth*, produced by the Anglo-Nordic Production Trust. Solzhenitsyn's words are read in voice-over by Tom Courtenay (who portrayed Ivan Denisovich so movingly in the film of that novel some dozen years ago), while, on the screen, we see a succession of illustrative newsreel clips and shots made specially for the film (the Gulag scenes, stark and haunting, were filmed in northern Lapland). *One Word of Truth*—the title comes from a Russian proverb, "One word of truth outweighs the whole world"—is available in video-tape or in 16-mm. film, and can be rented or purchased from Films for the Humanities, P.O. Box 2053, Princeton, N.J. 08540.

■ Guess who's helping to man Syria's invasion of the Bekaa valley in Lebanon? Libyan troops dispatched by Mr. Qaddafi. Armed with Soviet T-72 tanks.

■ On his 75th birthday, Edward Teller, whose brilliance and perseverance have made an enormous contribution to the continuing freedom of the free world, can look back serenely on a career of being savaged by the right people. In a series of TV programs carried by Public Broadcasting last year, Teller was por-

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trayed as the heavy in his struggles with the enigmatic J. Robert Oppenheimer. When he was asked after a speech to comment on the accuracy of the program, Teller replied, "They got my name right." This April, the *New York Times* published an attack on Teller and carried it on page one. Teller was testifying before a congressional committee in support of President Reagan's anti-missile defense proposals. The *Times* alleged that Teller had a big financial stake in a company that stood to profit from the anti-missile system and implied that he had been motivated by personal gain in supporting the President. It did not inform its readers that the company in question (Helionetics) produces a communications laser but not a laser capable of shooting anything down, that Teller invested in the company in 1980 when it was bankrupt, that Teller had no advance knowledge of the contents of Reagan's speech, and that Teller for years has been a proponent of defenses against ICBMs. Happy birthday, Dr. Teller. You are made of the right stuff.

■ In an interview in the May *Playboy*, photographer Ansel Adams described the pollution potential of nuclear power as "minute," called the nuclear-waste problem "solvable," and said, of the risk of meltdowns, that it was infinitely more dangerous to drive around in a car; and all over America, Sierra Clubbers began moving those brooding, baroque Tetons to the spare bedroom.

■ NBC has a new "news magazine," *Monitor*. In an ad in *TV Guide* it announces its principal targets: "If politicians, military experts, and businessmen have nothing to hide . . . why aren't they smiling?" Beneath which is a photo of three sleazy, stuffy-looking characters representing Crooked Congressman, Bellicose General, and Greedy Executive. The program will devote itself to fearless confirmation of liberal stereotypes.

■ MEDIA NOTES. The ever-reliable Karen DeYoung of the *Washington Post* has set a new standard for euphemism by referring to Communist dictatorships as "nonpluralistic socialism." Meanwhile, Vladimir Danchev of Radio Moscow has been relieved of his duties for referring to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan as "the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan." Maybe Mr. Danchev could study semantics under Miss DeYoung and rebuild his career.

■ CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE DEPT.: In its June 13 issue, *The New Republic* notes editorially that *anti*-Communist guerrillas will probably never achieve the cultural cachet of the Vietcong, Che Guevara, or the Sandinistas. "But in the matter of morality we should be clear. All these guerrilla forces—Son Sann's, Edén Pastora's, Jonas Savimbi's, and the Pathan tribesmen—are fighting the good fight. . . . Many of the most stirring guerrilla struggles now take place against Soviet power, or Soviet proxy power. In Afghanistan, Cambodia, Nicaragua, and Angola the art of revolutionary warfare has been turned against those who rule in the name of revolution." However, the "lionization of the anti-Communist guerrilla goes against a cultural grain. For a large segment of the progressive population of this country, a pro-American insurrectionary movement is an oxymoron."

■ If the Soviets are a "reality" with which we must deal, how come describing them realistically is "cold-war rhetoric"?

■ Congratulations to Fred Foote, Keeney Jones, and their colleagues at *Prospect* magazine, the voice of conservative dissent at Princeton, now ten years old. They have introduced a new 8½″ × 11″ format, striking photography, and, above all, in the last few issues, some articles of broad and permanent interest. Mr. Dinesh D'Souza, fresh from the battlefront at Dartmouth—he is a former *Dartmouth Review* editor—will be joining *Prospect* in the fall, and still more good things can be anticipated.

■ Australian sailors practicing a 15-gun salute blew a hole in the bow of their ship with the first shot. Practice suspended, and just when they needed it.

■ Mr. Merle Haggard, the country singer, has bought a world record round of 5,095 drinks ($12,737.50) at Billy Bob's in Fort Worth. In some regards, America is still the greatest.

■ "For gay people, taking someone to bed right away is like having a drink is for straights," an active gay explained recently to the *Washington Post*. "It's a way of getting to know one another." Well, bottoms up!

■ The Democrats claim they have a "juicy" case against Republicans flooding their telethon with support for anything, anything, but more Democratic policies, and they probably have a point.

Williamsburg And The Common Defense

The rhetoric was hardly Churchillian. "We commit ourselves to devote our full political resources to reducing the threat of war. We have a vision of a world in which the shadow of war has been lifted from all mankind, and we are determined to pursue that vision." Thus did the seven doyens of Williamsburg

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conclude their joint statement on defense policy, surely one of the more curious statements on the common defense ever to have emerged from a Western summit meeting.

The overall tone of the statement is fairly conveyed by this excerpt from the second paragraph, an exercise in redundancy if there ever was one: "We wish to achieve lower levels of arms through serious arms-control negotiations. With this statement, we reaffirm our dedication to the search for peace and meaningful arms reductions." The broken-record effect gets worse as the statement continues. The full text consists of only twenty sentences, seven of which are like-sounding affirmations (and re-affirmations) of the West's commitment to peace and to arms control. Of the statement's seven paragraphs, six are devoted wholly to arms control. Is it not a measure of how much self-confidence and resolve the West has lost when its elected leaders feel they must reaffirm their commitment to peace so many different times and in so many different ways?

Arms control, as a vision and as an end in itself, has virtually taken over the foreign policies of the Western powers, making them hostage to the whims of public opinion, as well as to the willingness to compromise of the player on the Eastern side of the table. "Attempts to avoid serious negotiations by seeking to influence public opinion in our countries will fail," declared the Williamsburg manifesto. But what was all this overkill on peace and arms control if not a reaction to public opinion? The truth of the matter is that serious arms-control negotiations have nearly ceased to take place between the Soviet Union and the West. We have reached the sorry state when negotiations take place largely among the Western players themselves, while the Kremlin sits on the sidelines waiting for the lowest common denominator of resoluteness to emerge.

In fairness to the President, he is said to have tried to put more *oomph* into the statement. And in fairness to the other leaders present they did at least reject the Soviet effort to include French and British nuclear forces in the talks on intermediate-range nuclear forces. They also stood by their commitment to deploy U.S. intermediate-range missiles should those talks not produce results, but there was no mention of Afghanistan and no mention of Poland. We can't help thinking that our present generation of leaders would profit greatly from studying the works and words of a certain British gentleman who won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1953.

Showing Initiative

With dope an escalating risk
And members subject to a frisk,
The Mob's now dumping toxic waste
Discreetly and with quiet haste.
So if, at 3:00 A.M., you see
A tank truck's liquid dripping free,
You'll understand why no one knocks
The Mafia's suggestion box.

W. H. VON DREELE

What Enemy?

For only the second time since taking over, Yuri Andropov has met with an American. The man chosen for the honor was Averell Harriman, U.S. Ambassador to Moscow from 1943 to 1946. The meeting evoked, as was no doubt intended, memories of the grand alliance and of a better day in U.S.-Soviet relations. Andropov assured Harriman that the Soviet Union wishes to restore the "intimacy" of that bygone era.

A grand alliance requires a common enemy, however, so Andropov found one for the occasion. "The Soviet people and the Americans now also have a common enemy—the threat of war." For millions of Americans who had thought that Andropov and the rest of the leadership of the Kremlin were themselves the principal threat, this will come as a revelation. Yet it only confirms what the nuclear-freeze movement in the United States and the peace demonstrators in Western Europe have been trying to tell us all along. Namely, that war and the weapons of war are the real enemy.

But is not war a phenomenon normally requiring at least *two* countries? A phenomenon, moreover, that usually takes place only when one of those enemies has designs on the other, said designs having caused the enmity in the first place? As for weapons, history has never yet recorded an instance of their springing into action and marching into war of their own volition. They are carried into war by men who are under the command of other men, either designing or defending.

It is a safe bet that Andropov did not meet with Harriman in order to philosophize on war, or to reforge the grand alliance. Most probably the General Secretary simply wanted another opportunity to reassure trusting souls in the West of the USSR's profound commitment to peace. Andropov also pointed out, for those who had not noticed, that all the obstacles now standing in the way of peace in the world are the sole doing of the Reagan Administration. This image of Soviet devotion to peace in the face of American bellicosity has been the leitmotif of recent Kremlin mythology, played at full volume ever since Reagan began to rearm America.

According to Pamela Harriman, also at the meeting, Andropov gave the impression of being "very, very anxious to make a next step" toward better re-

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lations with Washington, but unsure of "what way to achieve this." May we suggest he consider one or more of the following ways: withdrawing Soviet troops from Afghanistan, dismantling the SS-20 missiles, letting Poland be Poland, returning two tiny pieces of Japanese real estate now occupied by Soviet troops, and notifying Fidel that he must henceforth stay out of America's backyard or face financing his island paradise himself. Until Andropov's actions are in sync with his lips, the regime he represents will remain, regrettably, the common enemy.

The Treason of the Clerics

The fight over the drafting of the American Catholic bishops' pastoral letter on peace and nuclear war has ended. The fight over its meaning is bound to continue.

The drafting process was, in essence, a hijack attempt by which the Left sought to put the Catholic Church behind its own disarmament agenda. This effort was led by the leftist members of the Catholic clergy, many of them seminarians in the Sixties, raised to their present positions under the nodding reign of Paul VI. Organized and vocal, they produced first and second drafts riddled with left-wing axioms and prescriptions. In a last-minute rescue from intellectual disgrace, the Vatican counseled substantial amendments. Michael Novak examined the third draft in detail in our last issue ("The Bishops Speak Out," June 10); we repeat, in summary form, his analysis of the revisions that set the tone of the final text:

—The attempts of the early drafts to establish a "tradition" of Catholic pacifism, at one point bizarrely melding Francis of Assisi and Martin Luther King, were rejected; the just-war tradition was upheld. As the letter now notes, "governments threatened by armed, unjust aggression *must* defend their people. This includes defense by armed force if necessary as a last resort."

—The utopian triumphalism of the first drafts—the peaceable kingdom around the corner which is pacifism's end—also went by the board, as the Vatican reminded the bishops to "avoid mixing up two differing realities: our faith that the kingdom of God will come, and the realization that it is not certain if and when true peace will effectively exist in the world that is ours."

—No "no first use," at least not instantaneously. George Kennan will have to get his moral sanction elsewhere. The letter now urges NATO to move "rapidly" toward such a policy, "in tandem" with the development of conventional alternatives.

—Counterpopulation warfare, which is what deterrence threatens (in the interests, of course, of avoiding it), was flatly condemned the first two times around. The Vatican urged that it be subjected to the standard contingent judgment.

—The early drafts asserted the impossibility of limited nuclear warfare, a rhetorical tactic important to the Left. (To our Left, that is; the Soviets think it's wageable, and winnable.) Again, the Vatican asked the bishops to come down to earth, noting their own admission that "technical opinion on this question and the writings of moralists remain divided."

—Most important, the letter now takes into account the Vatican's insistence that "the morality of deterrence . . . must be seen in the wider context of geopolitical situations."

—The letter now notes "two dimensions of the dilemma of deterrence": "the danger of nuclear war with its human and moral costs," and "the independence and freedom of nations and entire peoples. . . . A balance of forces preventing either side from achieving superiority can be seen as a means of safeguarding both dimensions."

But all that, as we say, was the drafting. The text is in place, now come the exegeses. And no text ever stopped an anxious exegete for long. The churchmen who spent so much time tangling up the cat's cradle in the first place will push their interpretations, using all the bureaucratic power at their command. In this they will be powerfully aided, as they were in the drafting phase, by their soul-mates in the media. Left-wing "prophecy" will resonate far and wide; papal distinctions will fall like trees in the middle of the forest. Mary McGrory, the Metro rider's Hans Küng, has already begun cooing how hard it will be for Catholics to accept the new dispensation . . . just like getting used to the English Mass . . .

So Catholics, and non-Catholics who care what fifty million of their countrymen are being taught to believe, have a long, steep road ahead of them. And how many other roads will there be? What will the bishops turn their attention to next—Reaganomics? The Caribbean? Will the Vatican cavalry always charge in on time? What was it Burke said about political theologians, and theological politicians?

Management and Substance

Thomas O. Enders, the departing State Department Latin American chief, is an unlikely hero for the liberal media. He had been a hard-liner in Southeast Asia, and only months ago his actions in Latin America had been characterized in the journals of the far Left as those of a hangman. He is experienced in diplomacy, and formidably intelligent. Nevertheless, at his departure, the major media wept tears the likes of which have not been seen since the death of Lycidas. He has been replaced by our ambassador to Brazil, highly effective over a two-year tour, Lang-

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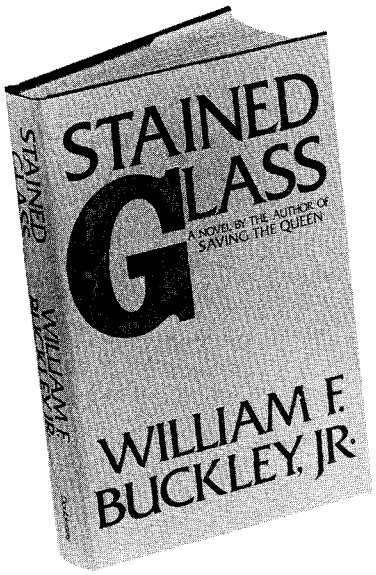
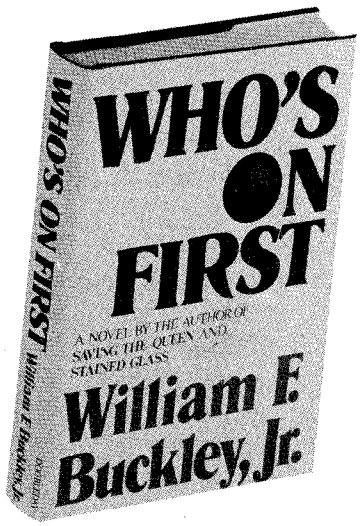


GET EITHER OR BOTH



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So if you missed either *Stained Glass* ($8.95 retail) or *Who's On First* ($9.95 retail) here is your chance to get either one FREE. All you have to do is enter a subscription to *National Review* for one year (26 big issues) at the regular rate of just $26. If you are already a subscriber you can take advantage of this offer simply by renewing now for another year (we'll extend your present subscription another 26 issues no matter when it is due to expire). In either case the book you choose (these are original hardbound editions) is yours FREE and postpaid.

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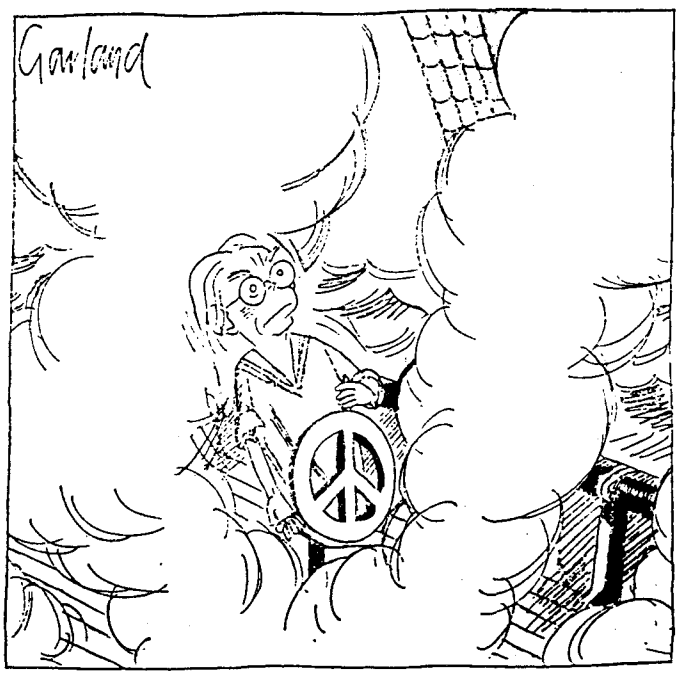
horne Anthony Motley. At the same time, our ambassador to El Salvador, Deane Hinton, has been replaced by veteran diplomat Thomas R. Pickering, and former Democratic Senator Richard Stone has been named special envoy to Central America.

At least two levels of understanding are required in all of this, managerial and substantial, and the two are inevitably interrelated. Policy in Central America is almost certain to be a campaign issue in 1984, and, with the President held politically responsible, greater coordination was clearly desirable from a White House perspective. This was foreshadowed by Mr. Reagan's notable address on policy in this region to the joint session of Congress. During the past few months, Mr. Enders and Mr. Hinton had been behaving in unpredictable ways, responding not so much to Administration policy as to the need to propitiate congressional opposition. Mr. Enders articulated his "two-track" suggestion about negotiating and fighting, and Mr. Hinton made headlines by blaming the Right equally with the guerrillas for the slaughter. What these pronouncements amounted to in policy terms was movement toward negotiations aimed at a "sharing of power" with non-elected guerrilla leaders, and they were thus at variance with Administration policy calling for negotiations restricted to the circumstances necessary for free elections, about which the guerrillas have never been enthusiastic.

In the reshuffling of personnel, Secretary of State Shultz has recovered overall coordination of policy, but it has been established that such policy will be that of the White House. Though the number of U.S. training personnel in El Salvador itself will remain at 55, there will be a strong American training build-up in Honduras, involving the processing of hundreds of Salvadoran personnel.



Garland, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"The boy stood on the burning deck whence all but he had fled . . ."

In Guatemala, however, the insurgency has been crushed without American "assistance" or congressional oversight of any sort. Despite an American cutoff of aid over human-rights violations, President Ríos Montt appears to have won his war in the "Latin way," as, indeed, did the Argentines and the Chileans. There is matter here for reflection.

But the Reagan Administration has now signaled unmistakably that it is serious about Central America and, if necessary, will take its case directly to the voters in the next elections. Given that seriousness, the Administration has begun—not surprisingly—to win some opening political victories in Congress.

Black Magic

The trouble with intellectual incoherence is that it breeds incoherence in the so-called real world. If our thoughts are disordered, so, in time, will be our actions. Race is a subject on which our thinking has been spectacularly confused for years; and lo, the disorderly actions come thick and fast.

Witness the storm that greeted Reagan's three most recent nominees to the Civil Rights Commission, among them, Morris Abram. Now Morris Abram, be it noted, is a Democrat. A liberal Democrat. He has, moreover, civil-rights credentials going back three decades, to when he sang first tenor in the original "We Shall Overcome" chorus. Mr. Abram also opposes reverse discrimination (a/k/a "affirmative action")—wherefore his nomination was greeted, as Nathan Perlmutter of the Anti-Defamation League remarked, as if he had been "the Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan."

There is an ethnic nexus here, in that Abram, and Perlmutter, and Albert Shanker, president of the American Federation of Teachers, who also defended Abram, are Jewish—members of a group that has historically suffered from quotas directed against it. Many Jews, like Abram, carried their detestation of quotas into the fight against Jim Crow. They did not intend, and do not support, erecting a new set of quotas, working for blacks, and, concomitantly, against whites, including Jews.

But of course one doesn't have to be Jewish to appreciate the point. You would think—Abram's critics certainly think—that he had somehow betrayed his principles. In fact, he is the victim of the slippery principles of others. He has moved by remaining stationary.

A week before the Civil Rights ruckus, the Supreme Court delivered itself of the Bob Jones decision. The case began with a ruling by the IRS. The tax code provides exemptions for institutions operated for "religious, charitable, scientific, literary, or educational

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purposes." Bob Jones, a fundamentalist university, had been certified for 43 years as a religious and educational institution. Among the interpretations of Scripture it considered fundamental was an injunction against racial intermarriage. (Blacks may, and do, attend the school.)

Came the IRS with a decision that no institutions violating public policy may be deemed charitable; and that since racial discrimination violates public policy, Bob Jones was uncharitable, and thus ineligible for tax exemption.

This fiat ignored the words of the statute, particularly the word "or"—Bob Jones was not applying as a charity, but as a religious school; the decision thus presumed an administrative right to write law. It also vastly extended the legions of the potentially uncharitable. The imagination toyed with possible suits. Could churches with all-male clergies lose their exemptions? Schools with all-male or all-female student bodies? No matter. Race had been invoked. The Court ruled, 8 to 1, for the IRS.

We long ago passed, as Morris Abram discovered, from a racial policy designed to end discrimination, to one intending, wherever possible, to confer black privileges. What makes such a policy incoherent is that there is no logical limit to it. The plain words of a statute may not stop it; bald malfeasance may not embarrass it. Meanwhile, anyone caught standing in the way is branded as racist, even if they are only, like Bob Jones, following an (admittedly odd) interpretation of the Bible; or, like Morris Abram, fighting discrimination by another name.

The Reagan Administration, in refusing to sanction the rush for privilege, has incurred tremendous black hostility. Reagan's nominations to the Civil Rights Commission suggest that he may be willing to take the risk. That, politically, he judges there is more to be gained by talking sense on this issue; or at least, that there is nothing he can gain from the black vote, it having been lost to him anyway, pending the return of reason.

Jack Dempsey, R I P

Jack Dempsey was not only a great fighter but a revolutionary one, whose impact on his sport was roughly comparable to that of Babe Ruth on his. Just as Ruth's dramatic long ball irrupted on a game previously dominated by singles, steals, and sacrifices (one spectator is said to have died of a heart attack from the excitement of seeing Ruth park one), Dempsey's tigerish aggression banished forever the old stand-up defensive style of boxing. Before him, it was common for bouts to consist of twenty rounds or so of sparring. A Dempsey fight was usually no more than four rounds of electrifying violence.

He had no pedigree, but he changed boxing as surely as Picasso changed painting, as Stravinsky changed music, as Joyce, Pound, and Eliot changed literature, and in a parallel way: by exposing old forms as somewhat brittle conventions. In sports as in the arts, new energies, new economies overwhelmed customary rhythms.

Dempsey came from the American West, so poor he fought his early fights for $2 and allowed spectators to hit him on the jaw with a sledgehammer. It beat starving, he explained. He married a prostitute and changed his professional name several times before he got famous.

Like Muhammad Ali he sat out a war and paid a price in unpopularity. Like Ali he gained universal acceptability by being beaten. Out of the ring he was a sweet and gentle man, everyone's favorite ex-champ. A public that didn't remember his fighting days could hardly realize what a dangerous figure he had once seemed, not only to ring opponents, but to respectable values. But for half a century after his retirement he lived a public hero and favorite, and so he died.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I gather that the term "oxymoron" is somewhat ambiguous. According to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, it is "a rhetorical figure by which contradictory or incongruous terms are conjoined so as to give point to the statement or expression . . . (Now often loosely or erroneously used as if merely = a contradiction in terms, an incongruous conjunction.)" The latter usage might reasonably be described as "the moronic oxymoron," and it was in the pejorative light, it seemed to me, that the gentleman ["Notes & Asides," April 29] viewed my cherished title. The title "Distinguished Historian in Residence *in absentia*" is dear to me because it is unique, it was invented by me, and I hold it

Some People Shouldn't Travel

Marco Polo reported on China,
  And de Tocqueville assessed the U.S.
Titled Englishmen toured with a passion
  When the pound wasn't under duress.
Aunt Matilda said sight-seeing broadens,
  While Thoreau traveled widely in town.
Mr. Harriman visited Yalta
  And turned half of the world upside-down.

W. H. VON DREELE

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as long as I am on leave here at the National Humanities Center. It is a true, not a moronic, oxymoron.

Yours sincerely,
J. H. Hexter
National Humanities Center
Research Triangle Park, N.C.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your 15-year-old comments concerning the use of quotation marks as a device for not-so-subtle editorializing (taken from page 215 of *Quotations from Chairman Bill*, Pocket Books edition) are no less relevant today than they were in 1968:

> It was at about this moment that poor General Eisenhower . . . delivered a speech, by TV-relay, to the [1968 Republican convention] warning against a relaxation in our attitudes toward the Communists. . . . The *New York Times* was so stunned by the general's warning that its headline read, "Eisenhower Talk / Scores Red 'Foe.'" The editor, perfectly reflecting sophisticated public attitudes, obviously reasoned that a mere: Red Foe would strike the reader as, somehow, wrong, rather as if you said: Wicked Walt Disney. Obviously it must be "Wicked" Walt Disney. Anyone who speaks of the Reds as "Foes" has to be carefully explained. Even at the Republican convention.
>
> —"On the Right," Aug. 7, 1968

It is all the more distressing, therefore, to observe that the editorial policy of NATIONAL REVIEW seems to have embraced the use of a similar tactic.

On page 448 of the April 15, 1983, issue, Forrest McDonald is reviewing a biography of FDR, and he mentions that a certain agricultural policy of the Roosevelt Administration resulted in thousands of sharecroppers' becoming "homeless, penniless wretches." But on page 418 of this same issue an unsigned editorial refers to self-serving liberal concern for the "'homeless'" under the current Administration. According to the quotation marks, therefore, the victims of FDR's economic policy suffered the stark and terrible reality of being: homeless; while the Reagan Administration seems to threaten no American with anything worse than becoming: "homeless"—the implication being that the "homeless" under Reagan are not really homeless any more than "wicked" Walt Disney was really wicked.

There are no doubt legitimate distinctions to be made between homelessness under these two Administrations, but dealing with them in the manner described above might make it more difficult for *NR* to seize the moral high ground when the liberal opinion-makers begin referring to PLO "terrorists."

Sincerely,
Charles D. Poe
Houston, Tex.

Dear Mr. Poe: You are absolutely correct. Cordially,
WFB

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Jeff Hart

Just in case you thought Coué was dead, here are some headlines from a single issue of the *New York Times*.

The New York Times

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1983

LAW TO WITHHOLD TAXES ON INTEREST REJECTED BY HOUSE

VOTE FOR REPEAL IS 382-41

REAGAN STRESSES TOTAL OPPOSITION TO RAISING TAXES

CITES ECONOMIC RECOVERY

MX Survives a Test in House After Lobbying by President

By STEVEN V. ROBERTS

WASHINGTON, May 17 — After President Reagan lobbied lawmakers with last-minute phone calls, the MX missile narrowly survived another test vote in Congress today and headed for a showdown on the floor of the House and

proval" of the missile by both houses of Congress.

Lawmakers generally attributed today's vote to an intense campaign by the White House aimed at persuading Congress that President Reagan is sin cerely interested in promoting arms re

Study of Love Canal Finds No Direct Link To Genetic Disease

By PHILIP M. BOFFEY

WASHINGTON, May 17 — Residents and former residents at the Love Canal toxic waste site in Niagara Falls, N.Y. are no more likely to have suffered chromosomal damage than residents elsewhere in the city, a Government study concluded today.

The study, conducted by the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta and re

Jersey Sentences First Person to Death in 12 Years

By ALFONSO A. NARVAEZ

NEWARK, May 17 — A 44-year-old twice-convicted murderer today be

whom the panel convicted last week of killing his girlfriend, should be sentenced to death under a new capital-punishment law.

Mr. Ramseur's lawyers said they would appeal the conviction and decision to impose the death penalty.

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

It might be of interest to our readers to know that Gloria Maxson, who writes "Glorobots" for us—

A micro- as small as a tuck
And a macro- as big as a truck
Developed a knack
For abusive attack,
And the mic- and the mac- ran amuck.

—writes: "I announce with mingled emotions of 'Oh good!' and 'Oh Gawd!' that I just won the *Science Digest* robotic-limerick contest. The ed. will use a few of my Gs in the winning column, and give *NR* a credit line, so no conflict of interest. But what do I do with the $2,000 robot I won? It will involve some publicity and pictures, but 'Ma foi!' I scream at Charles, 'I'm too fat to be famous!' He says the robots are out to get me. This is their way of getting a 'plant' in my home to do me in, and get back at me for sneering at them all these years! Some comfort!

G."

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Now that the Catholic bishops have voted for a "nuclear freeze," would it not be appropriate to call a convocation of generals and admirals to vote on how Mass should be said?

Frightfully yours,
John D. Calhoun
Colonel, USAF (Retired)
Ruston, La.

Dear Colonel Calhoun: It would be an improvement on Vatican II. Cordially,
—WFB

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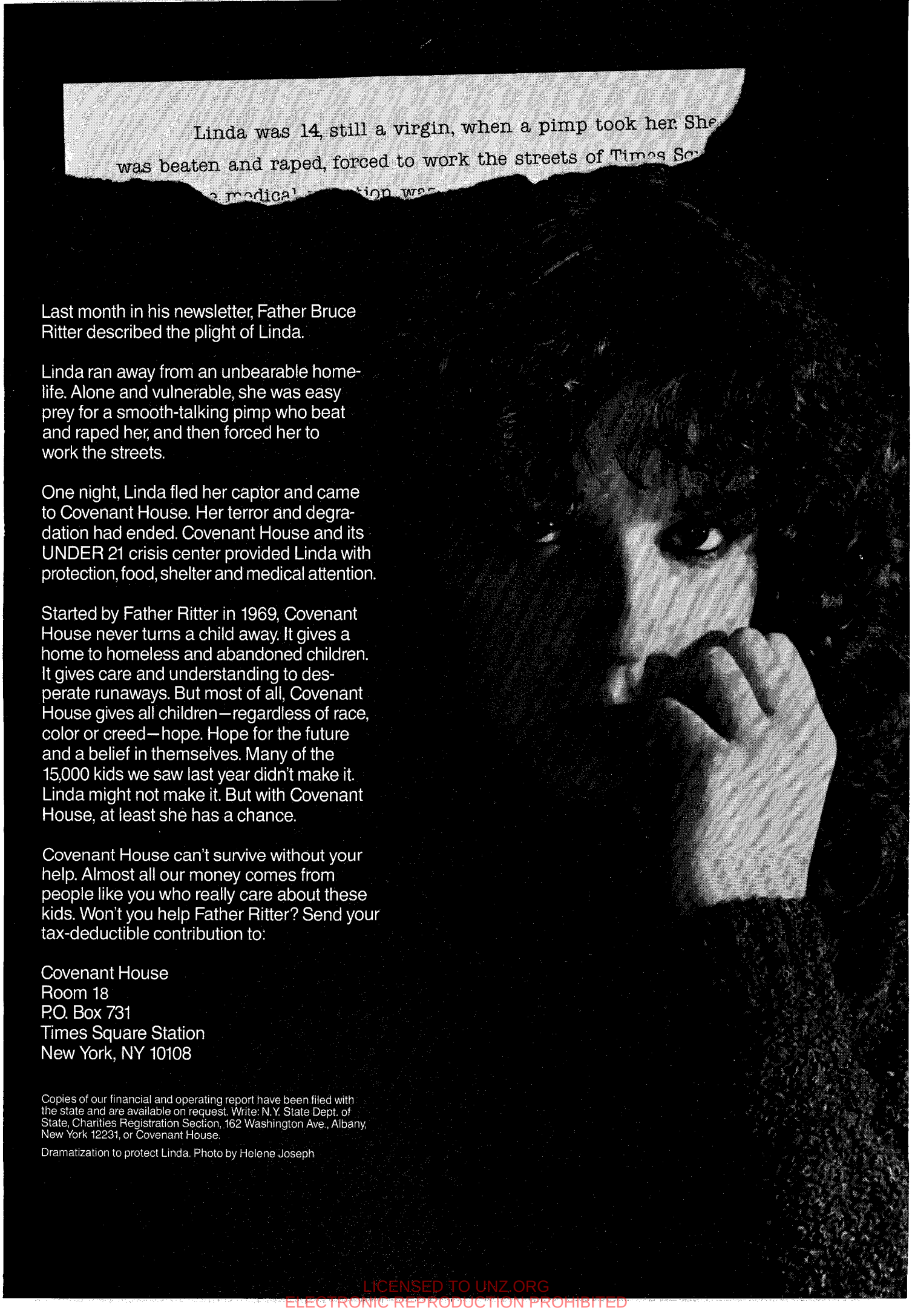

Last month in his newsletter, Father Bruce Ritter described the plight of Linda.

Linda ran away from an unbearable home-life. Alone and vulnerable, she was easy prey for a smooth-talking pimp who beat and raped her, and then forced her to work the streets.

One night, Linda fled her captor and came to Covenant House. Her terror and degradation had ended. Covenant House and its UNDER 21 crisis center provided Linda with protection, food, shelter and medical attention.

Started by Father Ritter in 1969, Covenant House never turns a child away. It gives a home to homeless and abandoned children. It gives care and understanding to desperate runaways. But most of all, Covenant House gives all children—regardless of race, color or creed—hope. Hope for the future and a belief in themselves. Many of the 15,000 kids we saw last year didn't make it. Linda might not make it. But with Covenant House, at least she has a chance.

Covenant House can't survive without your help. Almost all our money comes from people like you who really care about these kids. Won't you help Father Ritter? Send your tax-deductible contribution to:

Covenant House
Room 18
P.O. Box 731
Times Square Station
New York, NY 10108

Copies of our financial and operating report have been filed with the state and are available on request. Write: N.Y. State Dept. of State, Charities Registration Section, 162 Washington Ave., Albany, New York 12231, or Covenant House.

Dramatization to protect Linda. Photo by Helene Joseph

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FROM

Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

Straight

New Right Adrift

IT HAS BEEN pretty well noticed that Ronald Reagan is successfully anaesthetizing the Democrats as the 1984 campaign approaches. How can they oppose him on Central America? Can they campaign for more taxes and less defense? Less well noticed is that Mr. Reagan has done the same to the New Right, those conservative revolutionaries who have criticized him for everything from softness on arms control to failing to defund the Left.

But what complaint do these conservatives have now that Mr. Reagan has tacked so sharply to the right? The President won a big vote on the MX in the House and Senate, with no appreciable loss to his arms-control negotiating position. He fired Tom Enders (anathema to the New Right) as top man at the State Department for Latin American Affairs and reassigned the U.S. ambassador to El Salvador, Deane Hinton—both actions clearly demonstrating the ascendancy of hardliners Jeane Kirkpatrick, Bill Clark, and Bill Middendorf (U.S. Ambassador to the Organization of American States) as the key formulators of Central American policy. Kenneth Adelman, the darling of the New Right, was propelled through the Senate in an AWACS-like drive by the President himself.

In the civil-rights sphere, Mr. Reagan sacked three refractory commissioners whose views on forced busing, affirmative action, quotas, and voting rights were seen by Reaganites as heterodox. On the tax front, Mr. Reagan guarantees a veto of any tax increase, or repeal of the 10 per cent July income-tax cut, or any tinkering with the 1985 tax-indexation measure. To gild the lily, Mr. Reagan got from Williamsburg a hard statement on NATO deployment of Pershings and cruises as well as a declaration on international monetary cooperation that is so anemic as to be only half alive.

Since it is likely that the President will increase the voltage of his conservatism between now and the election and run with it if re-elected, where will that leave the New Right?

Well, if the President dredges four fathoms, the New Right will dredge eight. "The President's strategy is to get by consensus what he should have gotten by confrontation," says one prominent New Righter. "The goal of the successful conservative President must be to defeat the Washington establishment, not assuage, appease, or convert it." Another New Righter acknowledges his relish at seeing Tom Enders get zapped, "but I'm not delighted when I go to an MX briefing at the White House and see Armand Hammer sitting in the first row. To be successful, you don't have to pander to the Armand Hammers and Kay Grahams of this world." And why doesn't the U.S. aid the Afghan freedom-fighters overtly, instead of doing it under the table?

"The President is a captive of a flawed strategy of his own making," says another New Right leader. "He's caught in the arms-control web. Instead of telling the truth to the American people —namely that the Soviet Union, given its military superiority, is not going to agree in good faith to an arms-control treaty which enfeebles that superiority —Mr. Reagan says, in so many words, that he's willing to base our security on a piece of paper signed by Yuri Andropov." Many New Righters are calling for movement away from Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD) toward the High Frontier concept, not twenty years from now but right away. In Central America the New Right, as noted, lauds Enders's displacement, but wonders whether the Administration "has moved away from the no-win strategy of losing as slowly as possible." Clearly, what many of these conservative Turks want is a series of dramatic military thrusts against Cuban-supported Nicaragua. The sale to Red China of technology with a military by-product potential also fills these New Righters with revulsion, as does the big Reagan grain deal with the Soviets.

The right stuff, all right. And not without point and plausibility. Unfortunately for this hardy band, Mr. Reagan's diplomatic and legislative moves have made most of their grievances seem either hysterical or pettifogging. And besides removing himself as a target, the President has also denied them a new Reagan—to wit, Mr. Lew Lehrman, the redoubtable gubernatorial nonwinner of New York state.

A few weeks ago there was such strong speculation in Washington that Mr. Lehrman was envisioning a presidential bid for himself that Paul Laxalt, the President's '84 campaign manager, put a call through to an establishment New Righter seeking verification. Laxalt was told that a number of conservatives were encouraging Lehrman to declare his candidacy because, even though he has not held any public office, with the right kind of campaign he could stake a claim on the conservative future. For many years conservatives rallied around Goldwater, and then, for a while, Agnew. Then came Reagan. Now a lot of people are big on Jack Kemp, who has massive national conservative appeal. But a lot of conservatives also think that Kemp, like a splendidly groomed race horse at the gate, may refuse to run, so Lehrman was being encouraged to start down the track. But he said no.

TO MAKE sure the no stuck, Reagan's kitchen cabinet approached Mr. Lehrman a few days later and asked him to head up a new organization called Citizens for America, whose purpose would be to set up a grass-roots cluster of businessmen in each congressional district to lobby for the Reagan agenda. Lehrman was then whisked into the Oval Office where Mr. Reagan explained for twenty-odd minutes why the new organization was so important. With Lehrman a partner in the strategy for '84, the Gipper had very nearly pulled the plug on the New Right.

If they are smart, these impatient conservatives will retreat from their abortive anti-Reagan positions, and direct their energies to areas where they share a common interest with the President, namely next year's congressional campaigns. Electing more conservatives is something both the New Right and the Reagan Right want to do. □

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Invertebrate Spain

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

SPAIN HAS BEEN celebrating the centenary of the birth of the great thinker, José Ortega y Gasset, and I was in Madrid when the celebrations began. Ortega was a thinker in the same mold as James Burnham. In 1922 he published a penetrating long essay, *España Invertebrada*, and some of the commentators naturally recalled it.

I say "naturally," for it had an uncanny prescience, viewed from the Spain of 1983.

Ortega was not, of course, the first to note that there are several "Spains." The loyalty of many a Spaniard is, first, to his *patria chica*, the little place he happens to have been born in; second to his native province; and third (if at all) to the centralized state of Spain.

The terrible Civil War of the 1930s was largely, though not altogether, about that. The disastrous Second Republic had given, in the view of the traditionalists, too much autonomy to certain regions, especially Catalonia and the Basque country. Franco, in particular, found this intolerable.

The Franco state, in consequence, was a unitary one, and for many years the autonomist Basques and Catalans were punished by finding themselves last in line for funds to build, say, roads and schools. Within a year of the dictator's death in 1975, the unitary state was in ruins. And so was the temporary (and imposed) unity of Spaniards.

This brings me back to invertebrate Spain. Having noted that there were several "Spains," Ortega made the important point that during the long period of Spain's imperial expansion and grandeur, the internal divisions ceased to matter very much: autonomous aspirations were subsumed in the pride of being Spaniards. Just as Spain's divisions came bubbling up when the empire had gone, so they boiled up again when Franco died. Within six months of his death, more than five hundred political groups or parties had registered, and that was just the *national* political spectrum; many of them had their Catalan or Basque counterparts, without counting the purely autonomous or separatist parties.

In 1978, the new constitution of democratic Spain was published. Almost inevitably, it is a self-contradictory document. It reserves the usual powers exclusively for the central government (defense, foreign affairs, etc.); but it calls for the creation of autonomous regional assemblies, with legislative powers of their own (over such matters as roads, schools, fisheries, etc.). Wherever this process involves the use of official funds, a clash is almost inevitable between central and regional estimates of what, and how much, is needed.

While the centennial celebrations were on, Spaniards were voting both for municipal councilors all over Spain and for members of the new regional assemblies. The interesting point is this: the strongest autonomist areas are Catalonia and the Basque provinces, as I have said. To these can be added Galicia and Andalusia. At this point logic intervenes. If these provinces can have autonomous assemblies, why not every province of Spain? So under the constitution, the vote the other day was for *17* regional assemblies. Invertebrate Spain, indeed.

Expensive Autonomy

Each assembly is going to cost a lot of money in itself, and will develop its own bureaucracy, which also will cost a lot of money. Already, the finances of the new Spain are in a parlous state, with inflation at 30 per cent and a public deficit that has climbed twentyfold during the past few years.

I don't want to sound too pessimistic or curmudgeonly. After an absence of seven years, I was struck by many evidences of modernization, by a tremendous cultural revival (of which the huge retrospective exhibition of Dali and the show of Goyas from private collections were merely two examples) and by the new freedom of the press. Much is good, but the problems are vast.

Now, the situation I am describing is of more than local interest; it is relevant to the state of the Western Alliance, and therefore to this column. The Socialist government of Felipe González inherited from its center predecessors a Spanish commitment to enter NATO and the European Economic Community (EEC). Without formally reneging on these commitments, González seems bent on not actually doing anything to fulfill them. If one were unkind one could say that he is trying to eat his cake and still have it—for instance, by entering an Alliance while remaining neutral.

During the election campaign that brought the Socialists to power last fall, they promised to submit the issue of membership in NATO to a national referendum. So far, there is no sign of this, and some observers believe that the prime minister is keeping the referendum, as it were, up his sleeve as a possible election-winning ploy should his rather precarious hold on power be further threatened.

Meanwhile, the Spanish delegation to NATO headquarters in Brussels appears to be playing the role of observer, rather than participant. Thus, Spain refused to take part in this year's annual NATO exercise ("Wintex-Cimex 83") between February 24 and March 9. The Spaniards could have done with the experience of full participation, but in the event stayed aloof, along with the French (the heirs to General de Gaulle's policy of belonging to the Alliance but staying out of the integrated military machinery) and the Greeks (who object to Turkish participation).

A Demoralized Army

It is not an exaggeration to say that, ironically, Felipe González's policy is now much the same as that of the hated Generalissimo Franco, who, making the best of a bad job, argued that Spain didn't need NATO because its security was fully provided for by the American bases pact (renewed, indeed, by González). The difference is that while Franco Spain was kept out of NATO, nobody is trying to keep post-Franco Spain out: quite the contrary.

In the face of this attitude, there is much criticism of the government within the Spanish armed forces, already demoralized by the attempted coup of February 1981. (The participants' prison sentences were lately and severely extended.) At this time, there is no discernible dissidence within the armed forces. They are on legitimate ground, however, in wanting to know, once and for all, whether Spain is truly a member of the Western Alliance. □

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Toward a New ERA?

LINCOLN C. OLIPHANT

THE EQUAL RIGHTS AMENDMENT is dead. But the faithful, led by Tip O'Neill in the House, Paul Tsongas in the Senate, and Judy Goldsmith in the streets, have begun calling it to arise, Lazarus-like, to live again. On May 26, the prayers of the faithful were partially answered, when the Senate Subcommittee on the Constitution began hearings on S. J. Res. 10/H. J. Res. 1: the same Equal Rights Amendment that was first proposed in 1972. A two-thirds vote in each House would reanimate this once-dead amendment, although three-fourths of the state legislatures would then need to adopt it for it to become part of the Constitution.

Amending the Constitution is just shy of impossible. Of some nine thousand constitutional amendments that have been introduced in Congress, only 26 have been ratified—11 of them in the eighteenth century. Generally, conservatives do not favor amending the Constitution, and the proposed 1972 Equal Rights Amendment was particularly ill-favored. But should opponents of that ERA oppose *every* amendment that would set a constitutional standard for sex-based classifications? Perhaps not.

Equal-rights amendments are not all created equal. One can see the need for an ERA without having any particular affection for the version that sprang forth in the spring of 1972—a version that was itself different from the original proposal of 1923. The 1972 version had more infirmities than strengths, yet it was not without the latter. Foremost among its strengths was an ability to express quite starkly a broad principle of equality that made many friends for the amendment. Ironically, some of these ostensible friends were responsible for the amendment's demise.

In addition, the infirmities of the 1972 amendment made it many enemies. It left gaping holes to be filled by the federal judiciary, and while some hole-filling is inevitable, the people—whose Constitution it is—ought to minimize the opportunities for judicial governance. When a Senate subcommittee asked about the meaning of the 1972 amendment, its chief Senate sponsor, Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts, could only repeat, "The courts will decide . . . the courts will decide . . . the courts will decide . . ." Yet in many highly sensitive areas where the meaning of the 1972 amendment *was* reasonably discernible, it would have set bad rules in constitutional concrete. The amendment was, in other words, both too vague and too specific, in the sense that its specifics were wrongly chosen. This seemingly contradictory criticism helps to explain the confusion about the meaning of the 1972 amendment, and the charges and countercharges exchanged during ten years of rancorous debate.

It also suggests that the 1972 Equal Rights Amendment ought to remain interred. Does this mean that there will be no Equal Rights Amendment at all? For now, it means exactly that. But, in the long run, we must ask ourselves if we are content with the status quo. The status quo is that the Supreme Court makes up sex-discrimination rules out of whole cloth.

Indeed, the current rules vary from case to case. Most recently, the Court has upheld some laws that classify persons according to sex, but only when the government can advance an "exceedingly persuasive" justification for such classifications. This rule is about right, in my judgment, but it cannot be said to be grounded in the original understanding of the Fourteenth Amendment or any other provision of the Constitution. Though the Court had no business doing so, it has done an admirable job of rule-making. Had it not, the 1972 ERA would today be the law of the land. The Court-created rules substantially reduced the felt need for an equal-rights amendment.

Since the current rules are more the Court's than the Constitution's, however, they are the Court's to change. Change will not occur haphazardly, for the Court has its precedents. But trusting the status quo is trusting the Court with its own rules. To propose and adopt a new amendment would be to entrust the Court with the people's ratified rule. There is risk in both alternatives, but that is the point: accepting the status quo is not a risk-free alternative.

A new equal-rights amendment should deal with fundamental questions about the nature of men and women, about the nature of equality, and about American constitutional government differently from the way the 1972 amendment did. The general rule of the 1972 amendment was that "sex should not be a factor in determining the legal rights of men or of women." Most Americans, while agreeing that in most cases sex should be irrelevant, would stop short of such an absolute rule. The gap between *mostly not* and *never*, while not wide, can be deep, and brimful of the most important questions facing the human race.

If the best rule is not an absolute one, then it will be one anchored in an equality that recognizes important differences between the sexes. The new rule should partake of

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the sort of insight shown by Professor Elizabeth H. Wolgast in her book, *Equality and the Rights of Women*:

> Justice requires men and women to be treated differently, not in all areas but in some important ones. It is not just a curious fact that men never bear babies. Nor do women bear them because society teaches them how and insists they do, while guarding this knowledge from men. And from this difference other consequences flow. A good society will acknowledge the differences, treating them with respect and fairness and accommodating institutions to the human condition. To proceed otherwise is to imitate Procrustes, who invited guests to spend the night and then cut them down or stretched them to fit his bed. It is to be guided by a strange sense of priorities.

Under an equal-rights amendment grounded in reality rather than in ideology, sex classifications would be carefully scrutinized but not always prohibited. A classification by sex ought to be permissible, for example, if its real effect is to bring about *more* equal treatment. The 1972 ERA seems to require a blind indifference to sex under the banner of fairness and equality.

For instance, the National Organization for Women (NOW), currently led by Judy Goldsmith, opposes the use of sex-based actuarial tables in insurance plans. The ERA would have eliminated this evil, NOW says. Of course there are real differences between women as a group and men as a group. Young women, as a group, are better drivers than young men. Women, as a group, live longer than men. The lifespan of any woman or any man is unknowable, but the best possible way to treat her or him fairly is to use all available data, including statistical data. NOW complains that this is stereotyping, not enlightened thinking, and it is currently litigating its complaints under the 1964 Civil Rights Act (by the time this article is published, the Supreme Court may have decided the issue as regards pensions); but in the words of Chief Justice Burger (in dissent), "This is in no sense a failure to treat women as 'individuals.' . . . It is to treat them as individually as it is possible to do in the face of the unknowable length of each individual life." Eliminating sex-based actuarial tables is also likely to increase the total insurance costs women will have to pay.

The idea that men and women can be importantly different without being fundamentally unequal is the necessary starting-point for all serious analysis of how to achieve equal rights between the sexes. Rather than a Procrustean rule, a new amendment should offer the flexibility of equal protection under the laws. The difference between these two concepts was illustrated in a recent 5 to 4 decision of the Washington State Supreme Court.

An old (1927) Washington state law requires each of its political parties to be governed by a state central committee. This committee is composed of two members from each county, one man and one woman. The chairman and vice chairman of the state central committee are to be of opposite sexes. The law was challenged under the state's Equal Rights Amendment. Five justices upheld the law, holding that "while there is certainly a classification [by sex], there is equality of treatment and this is sufficient to meet the requirements of the Equal Rights Amendment." Four justices dissented, writing, "The Equal Rights Amendment . . . absolutely forbids any classifications of persons based on sex."

The four dissenters in this case are quite clearly in accord with the stated objectives of the 1972 Equal Rights Amendment. Unlike that amendment, a properly drawn national amendment would tolerate the Washington law. The women of Washington and the 49 other states should consider such matters when contemplating their participation in political life and their support for a federal equal-rights amendment.

Even more fundamentally, the 1972 Equal Rights Amendment contradicted certain important heterosexual rights. We live in a heterosexual society based on heterosexual values. Correspondingly, we have established various heterosexual rights, the most important of which pertain to marriage. But heterosexual rights cannot be consistent with

The idea that men and women can be importantly different without being fundamentally unequal is the necessary starting-point

a constitutional amendment that prohibits all sex-based classifications.

The ideal non-heterosexual, non-sexist society has been described by Professor Richard Wasserstrom:

> If a non-sexist society is a society in which one's sex is no more significant than eye color in our society today, then laws which require the persons who are getting married to be of different sexes would clearly be sexist laws. [The] typical adult in this kind of non-sexist society would be . . . indifferent to the sexual, physiological differences of other persons for all significant interpersonal relationships. Bisexuality, not heterosexuality or homosexuality, would be the typical intimate, sexual relationship in the ideal society that was assimilationist in respect to sex.

Would the 1972 Equal Rights Amendment have created a society like the one Wasserstrom describes—one that is "assimilationist in respect to sex"? No, if for no other reason than that human heterosexuality runs deeper than does positive law. But the 1972 amendment would have undermined the legal foundations of a heterosexual society because a heterosexual society *requires* some classifications by sex.

Some supporters of the 1972 version argue that it does not conflict with legal preferences for heterosexuality because it contains two inherent exceptions to the general rule against all sex classifications. The first exception, these supporters say, permits classifications based on physical characteristics unique to one sex and "closely, directly, and narrowly confined" to the unique characteristic. The second alleged exception is for privacy. Doubts have been raised about the real existence of these exceptions. The doubts began when the Senate flatly rejected Senator Sam Ervin's proposed amendments to the 1972 ERA that would have included *in the language of the amendment* specific exceptions for privacy and unique physical characteristics. Doubt is all too natural when proponents of a measure refuse to spell out what they aver is there implicitly. If an exception is really *there*, *sub silentio*, why not remove all doubt by writing it down? I have never heard a satisfactory answer to that question.

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If the 1972 version permits exceptions for unique physical characteristics, the exceptions are few indeed, and mostly irrelevant. Laws affecting sperm banks and wet nurses are the favorite examples of the amendment's advocates. Sperm-bank and wet-nurse laws hardly seem to go to the heart of the polity's concerns, however. Consider instead the example of statutory rape.

Michael M. was charged under California law with the statutory rape of Sharon, a 16-year-old. Michael M. challenged the constitutionality of the law because it was sex-specific ("Sexual intercourse accomplished with a female not the wife of the perpetrator, where the female is under the age of 18 years"). He lost in both the California Supreme Court and the United States Supreme Court, but not for lack of powerful friends. The Women's Legal Defense Fund (WLDF) and the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) urged, with Mr. M., that the California law was unconstitutional under the Equal Protection Clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. By one vote, the U.S. Supreme Court disagreed. If the litigation had taken place within the framework of the 1972 Equal Rights Amendment rather than the Equal Protection Clause, the statute would almost certainly have fallen.

Doubt is all too natural when proponents of a measure refuse to spell out what they aver is there implicitly

There are reasons for treating young men and young women differently in matters such as statutory rape, but the 1972 ERA would not have countenanced these reasons. Some of the reasons that different treatment should be constitutionally permissible were explained by the Solicitor General of the United States in the Carter Administration, who came to the defense of the California statute: "Young men and young women are not similarly situated with regard to the problems and risks of sexual intercourse," because only women can become pregnant. There are "dramatic biological distinctions between prepubescent males and females" that expose the young female, but not the young male, to serious physical injury and the risk of later illness such as cervical cancer. Females may be engaged in sexual intercourse while still very young; very young males are generally incapable of intercourse. "Sexual assaults on young females are a far greater problem than sexual assaults on young males." And carnal-knowledge and statutory-rape laws "facilitate the prosecution of forcible rapes involving young victims" where, as in the Michael M. case, there are serious evidentiary problems that would make forcible rape difficult to prove.

As noted, part of the justification for the statute was based on a "unique physical characteristic": only females can become pregnant. (The WLDF thought this was a ruse because "only penetration and not emission is necessary to complete the crime . . ." Next, I suppose, the WLDF is going to be requiring prosecutors in rape trials to prove penetration, emission, *and* fertility.) The fact of female pregnancy did not satisfy the feminist and civil-libertarian litigators here, and it will not satisfy them in the future. These are the same people who brought us the 1972 amendment, and they are the people who will be defining, in the courts, any equal-rights amendment that is eventually ratified. Look for sperm banks and wet nurses to be within the alleged exception for unique physical characteristics, and statutory rape to be without it.

Concurring in the Court's judgment in the Michael M. case, Justice Stewart wrote:

> The Equal Protection Clause does not mean that the physiological differences between men and women must be disregarded. While those differences must never be permitted to become a pretext for invidious discrimination, no such discrimination is presented by this case. The Constitution surely does not require a state to pretend that demonstrable differences between men and women do not really exist.

A new amendment should reflect Justice Stewart's approach, allowing legislatures to enact sex-specific statutory-rape laws justified in part as pregnancy-prevention measures.

The 1972 ERA is also alleged to have an implicit exception for privacy. There is reason to doubt the reality of this exception, too, at least if we judge from the words of two important advocates of that amendment, the United States Commission on Civil Rights and the NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund (LDEF). (The LDEF prepared the "draft report" that was the "basis for [the commission's] discussions." A very cozy arrangement.)

The Civil Rights Commission said in its 1981 report on the ERA that the 1972 version would close the bona fide occupational qualification (bfoq) "loophole" (the commission's word) of Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. Title VII prohibits sex discrimination in employment, but sex can be a bfoq permissible under the statute, where, for example, an employer wants to hire a man to play Hamlet. The bfoq exception is a tiny exception to the nationwide rule against sex discrimination in employment.

The bfoq exception is very important, however, for protecting privacy. The exception has been used to allow hospitals to limit their obstetrics and gynecology nurses to members of the female sex. States and localities have been permitted to require juvenile-home supervisors to be females in the girls' home and males in the boys' home. Based on records showing the system to be "rampant [with] violence" and like a "jungle," Alabama has been permitted to exclude women from "contact" positions in its all-male prisons, and men from such positions in all-female prisons.

The 1972 version—according to its prominent supporters, the Civil Rights Commission and the LDEF—would eliminate the bfoq exception to Title VII. When that exception is eliminated, our legitimate rights of privacy will be diminished. How the bfoq exception can be eliminated when the ERA is supposed to have its own exception for privacy is a great mystery—unless the alleged exception is itself an illusion.

Some of the weaknesses of the 1972 amendment have been described here partly because that version is now once again a live issue; also because any movement toward a new amendment must begin with the knowledge obtained from the debate over the old. The wording for such an amendment, drawing on some of the lessons of the old one, is set out below. The proposal is my own, although most

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of the phrases have been borrowed from others. Like the 1972 amendment, this is a text that can be improved.

Section 1. Neither the United States nor any state shall deny to any person the equal protection of the laws on account of sex.

Section 1 is based on the Equal Protection Clause and contains the general rule, which requires equal protection or equal treatment. Sex classifications are not absolutely prohibited.

Section 2. This article shall not prohibit the United States or any state from making legal distinctions respecting motherhood, or based on pregnancy or other physical differences between the sexes, or from making laws respecting privacy.

The references to pregnancy and motherhood recognize that humankind is a two-sex species and that women are different from men in the important respect of having babies. This amendment would not prohibit laws reasonably related to the status of women as mothers. The references to motherhood and pregnancy are intended, inter alia, to emphasize the legitimacy of laws relating to heterosexuality and the primacy of the family among heterosexual institutions.

Any movement toward a new equal-rights amendment must begin with the knowledge obtained from the debate over the old

Section 2 also explicates what is said to be implicit in the 1972 version. Distinctions based on bona fide physical differences are made clearly allowable and legislatures are permitted to weigh privacy more heavily than equality when making legislative judgments. The subtleties of the 1972 amendment are not to be trusted. If an exception is real, let it be explicit.

Section 3. This article shall not prohibit the United States or any state from exempting women from compulsory military service or combat assignment, or from regulating abortion or sexual offenses.

Section 3 lists specific exemptions where policy objections can now be anticipated and where reasonable legislative prerogatives should be preserved. The most important areas are included, although readers may find the list too long or too short.

Contrary to the assertions of some advocates of the 1972 ERA, that proposal has a great deal to do with abortion. (Some, but by no means all, of the available evidence is collected in Congressman Henry Hyde's testimony of May 26, 1983, to the Senate Subcommittee on the Constitution.)

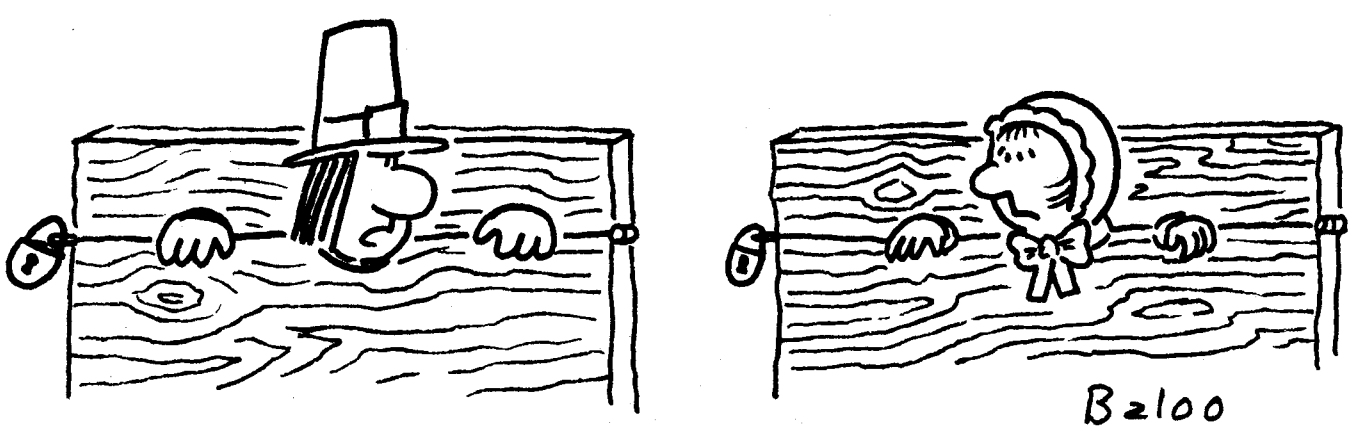
Section 4. Congress and the several states shall have the power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

Section 4 permits the states and Congress to enforce the article within their respective jurisdictions. States might differ on their methods of enforcing the equal protection of the laws. For example, some states might require political parties to be organized along the lines required by Washington state. Other states might prohibit such restrictions and simply require that the two top vote-getters be the county representatives to the state central committee. Both approaches could be upheld under the new amendment. There is enormous strength in a system so combining equality and flexibility.

Any attempt to draft a constitutional amendment to regulate sexual classifications is fraught with difficulty. It is easy to prohibit all classifications, and easy to permit them all, but delineating a reasonable standard between the two extremes is difficult indeed—which is an excellent reason for permitting some legislative flexibility. The drafting difficulties are substantial, but they will be dwarfed by the political realities. Radical feminists, by and large, will disapprove of a new amendment. They are committed to their 1972 version, now being revived in Congress. Opponents of the 1972 amendment are going to be much tempted to accept the status quo, a temptation that I find alluring myself. It must be remembered, however, that the status quo consists in the Supreme Court's making up rules out of an Equal Protection Clause that was not designed for the purpose.

There is no safety in the status quo. Arguably, there is less danger in the status quo than in a change, but that *is* arguable. In fact, a new amendment may be far preferable to hoping that the Supreme Court will reject, year after year, the absolutist arguments thrust at it by radical feminists and civil libertarians.

The Court is not now bound by the chains of the Constitution, although it will pay some deference to its own precedents. A new amendment would provide the opportunity to bind the Court to something besides its own dispositions. □



"Thee and thy Equal Rights Amendment!"

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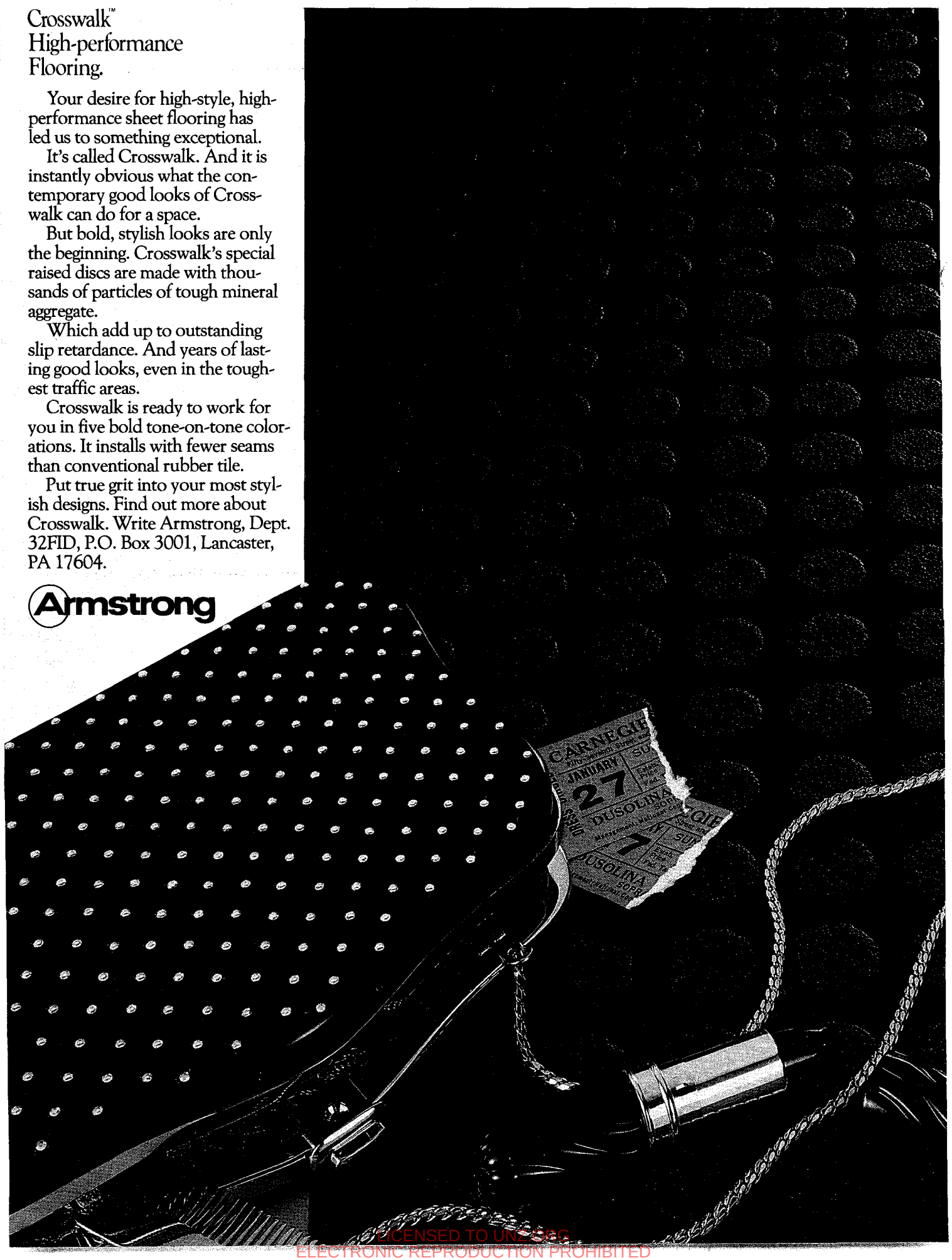

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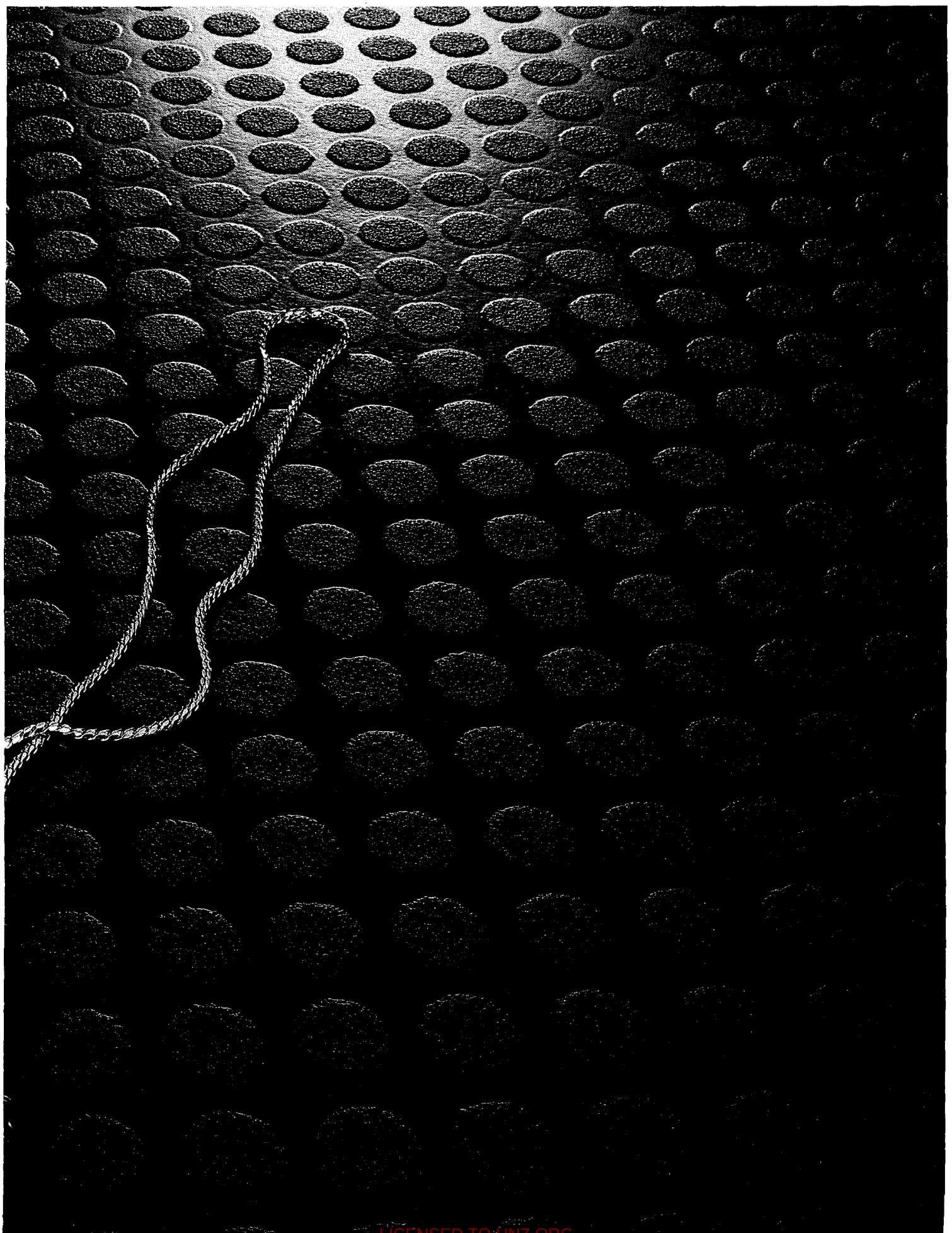

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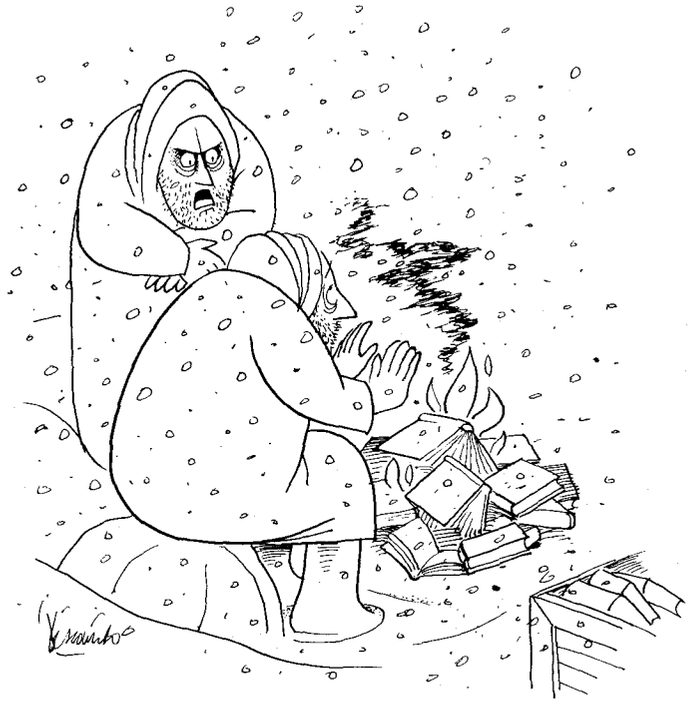
help!!!!

Secretary Brock's Nightmare

If we and Tokyo agreed
We'd henceforth never intercede,
And each proceeded to erase
All excise duties now in place;
If both promoted commerce with
The freedom preached by Adam Smith,
The Japanese would still outsell
Our salesmen in their own hotel.

W. H. VON DREELE



"I KNOW IT'S ESSENTIAL TO OUR SURVIVAL, BUT I CAN TELL YOU'RE GETTING A DEEPER SATISFACTION OUT OF THIS—A SATISFACTION THAT ONLY A RAVING, PSYCHOTIC, RIGHT-WING EXTREMIST CAN FEEL FROM BURNING BOOKS. YOU'RE INSANE. YOU KNOW THAT; DON'T YOU? RIGHT-WING INSANE. FASCIST INSANE. PARANOID-BIGOT INSANE..."

THE WHITE HOUSE
Dear Olga,
I am writing to you—a Russian kid—to tell you I do not want war between our countries and that I am not such a bad guy. Do not believe all you hear about me—Tip O'Neill doesn't know everything!
WELLS
THE AUGUSTA CHRONICLE

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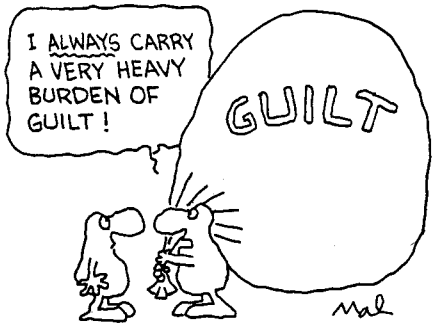
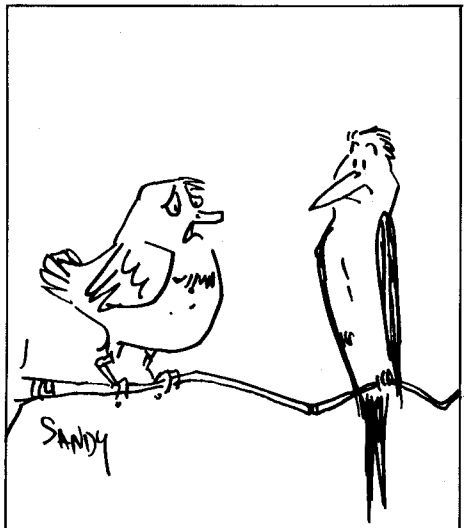
MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
MY REAL ESTATE MAN ASSURES ME THAT THIS WILL BE A BOOM TOWN SOON... -ANOTHER SAIGON, IF WE'RE LUCKY.
DODD FOR PRESIDENT COMMITTEE
Welcome to Enchanting El Salvador
ONE ↑ FLIGHT UP





"I've lost the will to fly over the rainbow."

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EAST GERMANY

The Revolt That Shook The Red World

CURTIS W. CASEWIT

THIRTY YEARS ago, in June 1953, Communist East Germany was shaken by a revolt of some two million people who suddenly defied the Soviet tyranny. For three days, the workers warred against their oppressors; they dynamited factories, tore open prison gates, fought Russian tanks with rocks, and faced machine guns with sticks. Some 300,000 men laid down their tools in one of the biggest strikes ever to occur behind the Iron Curtain.

The first demonstrations started on Tuesday, June 16, when a group of East Berlin construction workers were told their work quotas had been increased by another 10 per cent. At the same time, wages would be lowered by almost a third, and there would be no extra food for them.

On the Stalinallee, a few bricklayers walked off the job in protest, joined by a dozen carpenters and laborers. At 9 A.M., eighty angry men marched toward the Communist "trade-union" office. The doors were locked. Within an hour, their number had swelled to a thousand. Mechanics rushed out of garages; painters climbed down scaffoldings as the marchers called: "Mates! Come with us!" The throng pushed toward the Alexanderplatz, a large square in the center of East Berlin. Yet it was only the beginning. By noon, the human river had become a torrent. Pale welders, goggles still covering their foreheads; tired lathe operators and pipe fitters in their overalls; black-garbed chimney sweeps; stonemasons wearing wooden boots, flanked by children on rusty bicycles and housewives in clean, threadbare aprons.

That day, 15,000 people moved along Unter den Linden; ten thousand others gathered spontaneously throughout the city. Like a mighty flood, the crowd swept aside the Vopos ("People's Policemen") and Party officials. "To the Wilhelmstrasse!" workmen called. The masses surged toward the government headquarters.

For years, they had endured the regime's oppression with patience. Like the Czechs in Pilsen, who had risen up a few months earlier, and the much more patient Poles of 1982, these East Germans were rebels with a cause. Even the tiniest farm belonged to the state. Religion had been quashed and the jails were bursting with the innocent. Conditions in factories had become intolerable. No worker was allowed to move or change jobs. There were 12-hour shifts, including most Sundays.

The Dam Breaks

Food was scarce and the workmen's stomachs growled. "Down with the Red clique!" read one banner. "We want freedom!" read another. The dam had broken; the waters lapped against government offices. But the Vopos locked the gates in the demonstrators' faces.

A delegation asked to see some Communist officials. When none dared come out of the building, the people cried: "Cowards!" Finally one official emerged as a representative of Walter Ulbricht, the head of the puppet regime.

"I'm one of you!" the official said.

"What do you know about work?" a bricklayer cried. "Show the people your hands!"

By afternoon, 35,000 workers were striking in East Berlin. Apprentices on bikes raced to other towns, and the rebellion—still without plan or leadership—spread to dozens of East German communities, much as Solidarity's resistance did last year. In Leipzig workers picked up the news of the revolt on West Berlin radio. When Vopos attacked the strikers, their rifles were smashed against curbstones. Workers then rushed to the city and county courts, which had meted out harsh punishments to non-Communists. In Magdeburg a train carriage full of political prisoners was quickly disconnected and the convicts freed. One was a 74-year-old farmer sentenced for withholding two eggs from the state.

The Soviets were stunned; they made no move while, the next morning, June 17, in the midst of a drenching thunderstorm, ten thousand East Berliners attacked the seat of government. It was well guarded by Vopos, whose rubber truncheons beat back the first wave of attackers. The men withdrew a few yards, as rain pelted their chests and shoulders. But behind them a new mass of attackers had formed. Among them were women, mostly seamstresses, who fought the policemen with umbrellas. The crowds shouted their messages: "More butter and less police! Better working conditions!" Thousands yelled in unison: "Freedom!"

Communist bosses locked steelworkers into a factory like slaves, but the gates were pried open and the men started their march to the capital. Their wretched boots came apart; they slogged on barefoot, wet to the skin, too bitter to feel the cold. Tractors carried hundreds of farm workers into East Berlin.

On their way to Berlin, other newcomers set fire to the barracks of the hated Vopos. Quarry laborers, still grey with dust, silenced radio stations, assailed Communist Party headquarters, smashed German-Soviet Friendship offices. Propaganda leaflets were hurled into the streets, Communist papers burned. At the women's penitentiary five hundred housewives demanded the release of political prisoners. They succeeded.

Defying the Tanks

Indeed, victory seemed to be in the hands of the crowds. White flags of surrender waved in several police headquarters. Some Communists were so swayed by calls for freedom that they ripped off Party insignia or tore up their Party books. Two young people climbed the Brandenburg Gate and, in the most symbolic gesture of all, pulled down the hammer-and-sickle flag. Under the noses of Red soldiers, the cloth was shredded.

Suddenly the first Soviet T-34 tank appeared; it fired into the throng. Men

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Mr. Casewit is the author of some thirty books. He researched this article while a staff writer for the Overseas Weekly *and a German translator for the Heinrich Baer Verlag in West Berlin.*

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STRATEGY

Should We Bring Home The Troops?

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

After the Second World War the United States promised to defend the free world against possible attack by the Soviet Union and its allies. The United States committed itself to holding a strategic nuclear and, in time, a space umbrella over the free world. Further, we promised to support our allies with conventional weapons and arms and with tactical (theater) nuclear weapons. The seriousness and the extent at least of our non-nuclear commitment is unquestioned in Europe and Japan, and has been demonstrated in South Korea and elsewhere. (In Africa and, to a lesser extent, in the Near East, our policy remains ambiguous.)

By promising to defend our actual and potential allies we hoped to diminish the threat to peace—and to us—that is inherent in any increase in Soviet power. There were two further reasons for our commitment. First, many of the countries we promised to defend were, at the time, unable to defend themselves effectively, having been devastated by the Second World War. They would easily have fallen victim to Soviet expansion, had it not been for our deterrent. Second, we hoped by the promise of nuclear protection to prevent the proliferation of nuclear weapons.

Tallying Up

We failed in this second purpose. England never gave up its nuclear weapons. France decided to have its independent nuclear *force de frappe*. Despite our commitment, France did not believe it could rely on the willingness of an American President to risk a retaliatory strategic strike for the sake of defending any European country. Further, both England and France realized that they could not pursue an independent and credible foreign policy without independent nuclear power. It seems very likely that such nuclear proliferation will continue.

It is likely also that the present nuclear stalemate, the unwillingness of both the Soviet Union and the United States either to resort to strategic nuclear weapons or to give them up, will continue. It seems probable that the victim of an attack—whether the Soviet Union or the United States—would retain enough nuclear weapons for a retaliatory strike sufficient to inflict unacceptable damage on the aggressor. As long as the situation is so perceived, nuclear war on a strategic level may be reliably deterred.

At the present time both the Soviet Union and the United States continue nuclear armament. The balance, tilted toward the Soviet Union by a temporary lapse in U.S. efforts, will be restored in time. Once a fundamental balance prevails, there is a possibility of negotiations to reduce the efforts required by both sides to maintain it. About the nature of the fundamental balance and possible negotiations three remarks are in order:

1. A freeze now would keep us in an intolerably disadvantageous situation not inherent in anything but correctable past mistakes and lapses.

2. The Soviet Union is likely to retain for the foreseeable future a very considerable superiority in conventional weapons and in military manpower. A renunciation of first use by us would remove the restraint on a Soviet attack by conventional means that is imposed by the possibility of our responding with theater nuclear weapons. Moreover, in practical terms, our renunciation would not mean that we could rely on a similar promise by the Soviet Union. Were it not for theater nuclear weapons, Soviet military superiority would guarantee the defeat of Europe; without the threat of nuclear defense Europe could not resist serious pressure from the Soviet Union and, ultimately, domination. This may change if the ratio of conventional forces changes, but this is not an immediate prospect.

3. Deterrent threats in the past rested on Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD). Rather than defending our weapons against attack we relied on the threat of retaliatory destruction of vital Soviet targets and, above all, of population centers. However, technological developments may make defense against nuclear attack more feasible. There is also the argument that the threat of retaliatory destruction may not be credible enough to deter in all situations. Hence defense against attacking missiles will probably assume increasing importance in the future; so will the use of submarines equipped with nuclear weapons. If much of the nuclear arsenal is on practically indestructible submarines, populated areas are less likely to become targets, and retaliation is almost guaranteed. Hence the use of strategic nuclear weapons becomes less likely.

Good Intentions

Because of the strategic nuclear stalemate, it is likely that conventional arms will continue to be used for conventional purposes. Moral arguments based on proportionality support this choice. It is not really morally defensible—or, for that matter, credible—to threaten a world conflagration of unprecedented scope for the sake of a limited conflict. Our claim that we will use strategic nuclear weapons to protect our allies is unrealistic and likely merely to strengthen those who advertise their unwillingness to die for Danzig. Which is not to say that we should free aggression from all risk of nuclear response. Rather, it is to stress the need for being able to respond to attacks in many alternative ways according to the situation. Since the Soviet Union may pursue any target of opportunity by military means we must be prepared to deter conventional war by the threat of fighting it and winning it by conventional means and, if necessary, by theater nuclear weapons. But our present policies are unlikely to achieve this.

To implement our current promises we have stationed more than 350,000 American soldiers in Europe and smaller numbers in South Korea and Japan (56,000 in Japan alone). We have promised these countries, whether or not they are members of NATO, our

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military support in case of attack, and we have bases in many of them. As a result we are overextended: we have promised more than we can do effectively, and more than we are willing to prepare ourselves to do. Yet our promises have weakened these countries' resolve to defend themselves. They remain unprepared, while our forces cannot replace the national defense they have failed to provide for themselves.

The population of the European countries allied with us exceeds that of the Soviet bloc. Our European allies outproduce not only the Soviet Union but even the United States. The prosperity of Europe as compared to that of the Soviet Union, the prosperity of South Korea as compared to that of North Korea, and the prosperity of Japan are unquestioned. Yet Japan spends less than 1 per cent of its national income on defense. Our European allies spend a higher percentage but not enough to defend themselves. At the same time, it has become clear that no non-nuclear effort by the United States could provide the needed defense. In case of a serious invasion, first use of nuclear theater weapons will be indispensable. Yet it may not occur; or, if it occurs, it may lead to strategic nuclear warfare.

Nuclear weapons in Europe, other than those in France (and some in England), are currently controlled by the United States. This, together with the stationing of 350,000 troops in Europe, has led Europeans to perceive the defense of Europe as primarily an American concern; many Japanese think similarly about the defense of Japan.* American defense efforts in Europe and Japan are easily misrepresented to the man in the street, by those opposed to any defense, because they are perceived to have exceeded national defense efforts. Thus American policy has had two highly counterproductive effects: 1) the self-defense efforts of the likely victims of aggression have been weakened; and 2) American defense of these countries has become a target for the opposition not only of pacifists but also of nationalists.

Pacifists, of course, object to armament in general. Nationalists now feel that American interests are being pursued on their nations' soil, and that national interests are being sacrificed to American interests. In the past pacifists were opposed by nationalists, who wanted a strong defense for the nation. Now pacifists are supported by nationalists—because the defense effort is felt to be American rather than national.

The depiction of the American defense of Europe or Japan as a foreign enterprise, likely to harm the country being defended, is largely irrational. U.S., European, and Japanese interests overlap extensively. Nonetheless that depiction will continue with a considerable measure of success as long as an overwhelming proportion of the defense of these nations remains American, as long as the national defense is seen as playing merely a supportive role for the American forces.

Supporting Our Allies

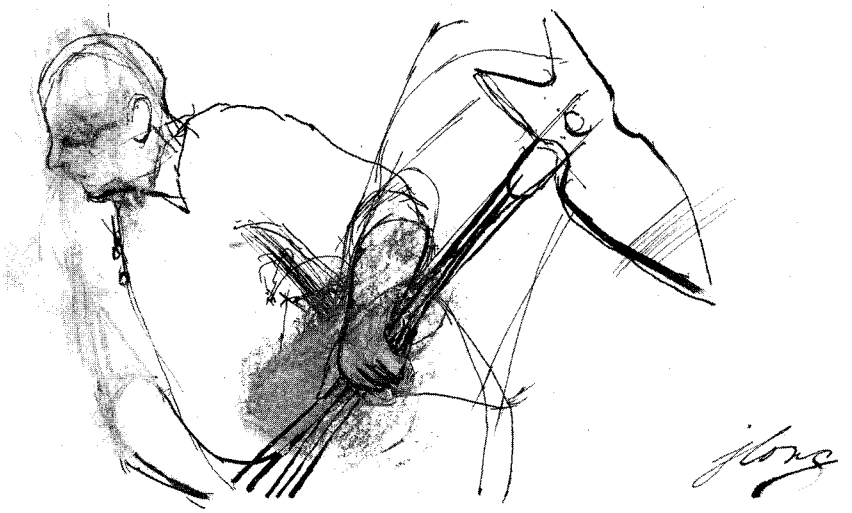
It is often feared that a reduction of American efforts will not lead to an increase in national efforts. The Americans may not be replaced, and appeasing tendencies among European and Japanese voters may be strengthened. The withdrawal of American protection may lead to a voluntary, if disguised, surrender of national independence to the Soviet Union. For although the various countries have the ability, they may not have the resolve to muster a sufficient defense against the Soviet Union. This risk cannot be gainsaid. But it is a risk that cannot be avoided. Further, there is no serious indication that either Europe or Japan would embark on such a suicidal course. Given these circumstances, a reasonable American policy commensurate with our actual ability, the costs we are willing to bear, and the risks we are willing to run, and commensurate as well with the abilities and interests of our allies, should be as follows:

We should indicate to our allies that we will withdraw our troops except for those needed to man bases and perform technical tasks of common interest. We should set a reasonable timetable for carrying out this policy. We should, at the same time, assure our allies that we will continue to support their national defense in peace and in war; while no longer their protector, we will continue as their ally, and will send troops if and when requested and necessary to aid in the defeat of Soviet expansion. But Europe (or Japan) should be as capable of self-defense as Israel is.

Further, we should make available to our allies theater nuclear weapons. They should be under their control, not ours. Our allies must decide where to position them and when to use them. They may do so on a national or on a European basis. But these decisions cannot be American decisions.

In effect the Germans will have to play a much greater role in their own defense than they have so far played, and so will the Japanese. This development is in the interest of all concerned. American policymakers should stop delaying it by pretending that American efforts, American resources, and American decisions can take the place of European or Japanese ones.

The recent changes of government in Germany, Japan, and Holland make it more likely that the proposed policy changes can be achieved by agreement with the nations in which American troops are now stationed and which have expected American conventional and nuclear military efforts to take the place of their own. □



*In South Korea the difficulty is our past unwillingness to help the South Koreans establish an independent armament industry and to provide for a sufficient air force. Were it not for this, South Korea's defense against North Korea would not now need an American presence.

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ALLIES

What Do Europeans Want?

RICHARD BROOKHISER

As the cold cracked and the crocuses and daisies pushed up in Hyde Park and on the Palatine, I took a tour, courtesy of the United States Information Agency, of Rome, Paris, and London, with colleagues from *The American Spectator*, *Commentary*, *The New Republic*, and other ateliers of opinion. Most of what one swats up on such junkets is inevitably tidbit-sized. But two themes kept reappearing, often enough to suggest generalizations.

Our opposite numbers—journalists, economists, political scientists—were for the most part conservative. More, they were conservative in ways that Americans can understand (no corporatists, or high Tories). The most striking impression one gets is how singular such people are.

Ideologists of the free market flourish most strongly in Great Britain. After a daily session, one charming young economist confided in his, and my, cups that he looked forward to the breakdown of English law-abidingness. Why? Most English traders of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, he explained, operated illegally. The Industrial Revolution depended on smugglers. Only after the Manchesterians had reformed the odious and oppressive laws did the English begin to obey them. But by the time classical liberalism gave way to socialism, they obeyed out of habit—hence their present acquiescence in misery. When the English once more become as free-wheeling as, say, the Italians, then their economy might bloom again.

This was an extravagant formulation. But the root-and-branch critique of socialism is well established in the Conservative Party. Opinions differed as to just how well established. John Burton, professor of economics at the University of Birmingham, thought the "wets" —Conservatives who have been content at most to dilute, at worst to ape, socialism rather than fight it—have been vanquished; Charles Moore of the *Daily Telegraph* warned they still lurked dangerously in the party machinery. But Margaret Thatcher had accomplished much. She has much still to do. Though inflation has been greatly slowed, and even a balanced budget is in reach, spending has risen, as have taxes.

There were also free-marketeers in France. The trouble is, we saw all of them. One exploding gas main in the American Cultural Center on the Rue du Dragon would have finished off the movement. They must struggle against three centuries of *colbertisme*, those centralizing passions consummated under the Sun King, which militate not only against conservative economic thinking, but against any kind of economic sophistication. French leaders dismiss the subject as beneath them; "the quartermasters will follow me," was how de Gaulle put it, expressing the uninterest of French politicians right, left, and center. Frenchmen *en masse* are equally ignorant. Our hosts described a recent French television special on joblessness in America, which featured an unemployment line in some stagnant Midwestern mill town. The worker the crew chose to interview explained that the economy was slow, the companies weren't making money, so here he was. The complexity of this analysis so struck the newsmen (the typical Frenchman would simply demand that Mitterrand or whoever get him his job back) that they let the tape roll, fascinated.

The economists' only hope was that Jacques Chirac, leader of de Gaulle's old party, has lately hearkened to good counsel. Chirac did well in the March municipal elections (which went so badly for the Socialists), sweeping all of Paris's *arrondissements*. He, not Giscard, is the opposition's heir apparent.

There are scattered advocates of capitalism in Italy too, many of them associated with the tiny Liberal Party (we spoke with, among others, Luigi Barzini, journalist and former member of parliament). Their problem is not centralization, but a pervasive political irresponsibility—anarchy at the top. None of Italy's four major parties, significantly, has an historical stake in the nation. The Communists, of course, pursue their own agenda. The Christian Democrats, to the extent they speak for the Church, represent an institution that excommunicated the leaders of the Risorgimento and for decades forbade Catholics to vote in Italian elections. The constituents of the two Socialist parties, workers and peasants, also had no interest in the Unification. It is as if America, in 1848 and for thirty years thereafter, had come under the control of Loyalists. In Italy the parties existed to keep each other out of power, to grease their local machines, to do favors. Meanwhile, the budget spun out of control, taxes mounted, unions won automatic raises well in excess even of Italian inflation, terror flashed in the streets. The assassination of the Christian Democratic politician Aldo Moro in 1978 may have been a turning point. "One of them could be bumped off," Barzini said. "The political class began to examine problems seriously."

A second and much more difficult problem for the political classes of all Western Europe is NATO. Everyone we talked to abhorred the Soviets, wanted Europeans to shoulder their burdens, and hoped they and America would stick together. As we went from conference to conference, however, a suspicion grew in American minds that perhaps NATO had succeeded too well. Has interdependence sapped Europe's will, made it lazy and querulous? Consider France, the nation that bailed out, thumbed its nose at us, made itself annoying in a dozen ways, and is now ruled by a man of the Left—who nonetheless lectured the Bundestag on the necessity of accepting Pershing missiles. The temptation to psychological metaphors is strong. France kicked her father in the shins and stormed out of the house, yet is perhaps more mature for that. What of her siblings?

If we were, say, to pull our military back from Europe while helping it build up its own nuclear arsenals, there is no question that it would become an incredible pain in the neck. But is there any doubt where, in the crunch, the Europeans would stand?

"They are the only Americans we have," Helmut Schmidt once said of us resignedly, a *mot* we heard repeated on several occasions. They are the only Europeans we have, too. Maybe they—and we—should get a little room. □

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THE REGULATORS

A Little Fungus On the Philodendron

JAMES J. KILPATRICK

In the vast and verdant fields of federal legislation, stretching through volume after volume of the U.S. Code, the act creating a national "Floraboard" is no more than a tiny patch of chickweed. Nevertheless, as a symbol of what ails us, this obscure enactment provides a useful hook to hang some thoughts on.

One thought has to do with the smooth and slippery way in which some of our laws get on the books. Another thought, larger and broodier, has to do with the nature of a free society. Something needs to be said about all this. In the matter at hand it can be said with flowers.

Taking one thing with another—the cut flowers with the potted plants with the foliage plants—the American floral industry racks up gross sales of about $1.5 billion a year. According to testimony I'll get to in a minute, the industry has been fairly flat in recent years. Marketing patterns have been changing as a substantial volume of business has slipped from the old florist shops to the new supermarkets. Retail sales each year hit a high with Valentine's Day, another high with Mother's Day, still another high with the Christmas holidays. Between these seasonal peaks there are some deep valleys, and people don't send flowers to funerals the way they used to.

These concerns prompted the Society of American Florists (SAF) a few years ago to create the American Florists Marketing Council. This was to be a promotional body, financed by voluntary contributions from the society's 7,700 members. Trouble was, the voluntary system didn't work—or at least it didn't work to the satisfaction of SAF leaders. Too many members were getting a free ride at the expense of too few contributors.

What to do? To the florists the answer seemed obvious. The florists are like everyone else. The answer was to run to Washington. The answer was to pass a law. Their thinking reflected one of the prevailing ills of our society, that compulsion beats voluntarism every time.

Thus motivated, the florists had no problem in seizing upon the kind of law they wanted. The producers of wool, wheat, potatoes, cotton, and eggs had gone through the same process: they had gone to Congress for the creation of federal agricultural marketing boards. Why not a "Floraboard"? In the spring of 1981 the SAF drafted a bill "to enable producers and importers of flowers and plants to establish, finance, and carry out a coordinated program of research, producer and consumer information, and promotion to improve, maintain, and develop markets for flowers and plants."

The original bill languished in a House committee for a few months. The nine hundred growers who are members of the SAF presumably were aware of the proposition, but there is some evidence that 24,000 other growers had little idea of what was afoot. In any event, at some point the original bill was abandoned. Now, if you please, pay close attention, because you are about to see the kind of ball-handling that made immortals of Tinker, Evers, and Chance.

On September 15, 1981, a revised bill, HR-4485, was introduced by Congressman Tony Coelho (D., Calif.). At 2 P.M. on September 17, a subcommittee of the House Agriculture Committee held hearings on the Coelho bill, with Mr. Coelho largely in charge. Six witnesses, well prepared by the SAF, testified in support of the measure. A past president of the society explained that "our sales simply are not increasing; we cannot continue to survive without the bill." Three patently unprepared witnesses, sputtering with indignation, testified in opposition. The hearing adjourned at 4:12 P.M. Four members of the House—that is all—had heard at least part of the day's testimony.

That very same evening—September 17—the Senate was considering the 1981 Farm Act. Bob Dole of Kansas was floor manager for the bill. At 8:41, with only half a dozen senators on the floor, S. I. Hayakawa (R., Calif.) asked for immediate consideration of Unprinted Amendment No. 378. The simple little unprinted amendment ran to ten columns of fine type in the *Congressional Record*. Behold! It was the Coelho bill.

"I think this has been agreed upon by both sides," said Mr. Hayakawa. Mr. Dole, eager to speed things along, added helpfully that the amendment would take "about thirty seconds." Allowing for interruptions, that was indeed all it took. At 8:56, without objection, the amendment was adopted. It was thus interred as Title XVII of the farm bill. The bill went to conference. It came out of conference with Title XVII intact and unnoticed. In December it became law with the President's signature. I would take oath that fewer than fifty of the 535 members of the House and Senate were aware of what they had done. It was one beautiful way to run a railroad.

Now to the second train of thought: Assuming that the whole Floraboard proposition is approved in a referendum this year among eligible growers, flower producers with annual gross sales of more than $100,000—about 2,800 growers—would be compelled to pay an assessment of 1 per cent of their gross into a Floraboard Fund. The proceeds, estimated at $6 million a year, would be used for promotion and research. Objecting growers could get a refund of their payments, but this would be a recurring irritation. The implementing regulation—all 86 sections of it—appeared in the Federal Register on October 12, 1982.

Growers who are protesting this high-handed business voice objections to the merits of the act. It is by no means clear who is eligible to participate in the forthcoming referendum. The marketing of flowers, they contend, is unlike the marketing of eggs. An egg is an egg, a pre-packaged product, but flowers and

(Continues on page 769)

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Abroad

Brussels *Getting Out*

Getting out of the European Economic Community is easier said than done, at least in the case of Greenland, that enormous island off the northeastern coast of North America, which has a human population of only fifty thousand but an immense fish population in its coastal waters. Greenland went into the EEC as part of Denmark. But it is now an independent country and no longer shares the Danish view of world economic advantages. However, other EEC members do not want to lose Greenland's fish, and although the island voted to leave the community 16 months ago, negotiations to effect its withdrawal have been hard to start. West Germany, especially, says its deep-sea fishing fleet needs Greenland's territorial waters, and that if Greenland withdraws, the new common-fisheries policy hammered out among EEC members, as well as the finely drawn system of quotas and catches now in operation, may have to be dismantled and rewritten. Since fishing rights have been one of the most serious causes of intra-community dissension—up to and including resort to force of arms—this threat is not lightly regarded by anyone, especially not Greenland's prime minister, Jonathan Motzfeldt. The Danish foreign minister, Uffe Ellemann-Jensen, finds himself in the middle. He says that other members are prepared to accord Greenland the power to withdraw as a democratic right, but they are not making it easy because of "economic considerations." He is also aware that if Greenland leaves, this might be interpreted as a precedent by some more substantial community member, but he maintains that there could be no comparable case.

Havana *Help from France*

Two teams of French transportation experts will soon arrive in Havana to help solve some of the Castro government's traffic problems, according to an announcement following the recent visit here of French Transport Minister Charles Fiterman. The expense of the missions will be shared by the two countries. French technical assistance in developing the Cuban road system is also foreseen in the agreement, as well as a return visit by a high-ranking Cuban delegation to Paris to inspect the current state of French urban transportation.

Venice *Pay as You See*

The mayor of Venice has come up with a novel idea for preserving his city for—and from—tourists: require them to pay an entry fee before they set foot within its precincts. Venice has been the most publicized victim of modern curiosity and admiration as represented by the crush of millions of tourists. Their weight makes the sinking city sink faster. The wash of the motorboats required to take them along the canals undermines the foundations of ancient churches and palaces. The motorboats' fumes erode statues and façades. And the pilgrims' footsteps literally wear away the city's fragile stones. Under Mayor Mario Rigo's plan, each tourist would buy an inclusive ticket that would admit him to the city's museums and other monuments that now charge separate admissions. The tourist would then embark on a *vaporetto*, which would ferry him to the city's center via outlying or little-used canals. The Grand Canal, the city's main artery, would be restricted to gondolas or other craft powered only by oars. The plan would also enable city authorities to control the total number of tourists in Venice at a given time, keeping the limit to something like ten thousand per day. There are now about twenty thousand tourists in Venice on any given day at the peak of the season, and that is too many.

Athens *Giving a Fig Leaf*

The Holy Synod of the Greek Orthodox Church has launched a campaign against nudity on Greek beaches this summer because it "constitutes not just a provocation but a brutal assault on the good morals of the Greek people." The Synod's battle is with the Greek national tourist organization, which had said that nudist camps could be set up wherever local inhabitants did not object to them. Ordinarily, nude swimming and sunbathing would be punishable by up to six months' imprisonment or a fine; on some islands, however, a blind eye has been turned to such camps because of their popularity among foreign tourists. A few years ago, a German nudist colony had to give up its lease on a hotel in the eastern Peloponnesus because of church-inspired agitation against its practices. The Socialist government of the country is trying to settle the controversy by setting aside specific areas for nude swimming, completely away from villages and towns, as a gesture of respect to the feelings of the locals. "If anyone claims to be offended," says Nikos Skoulas, secretary general of the tourist board, "we will know he was using binoculars."

London *Special Effects*

The *Times* letters column has been full of reaction to various aspects of the British role in India and the final departure of the Raj as portrayed in the movie *Gandhi* ever since it opened here several months ago. But no one, until the paper published a communication from Sir Charles Mott-Radclyffe of Norwich, caught the point that the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, an old Etonian, is shown in the film wearing a Harrow necktie.

Mac, *London Daily Mail* Rothco

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The Last Golden Age

The Life of Herbert Hoover: The Engineer, 1874-1914
By George H. Nash
Norton, 768 pp., $25

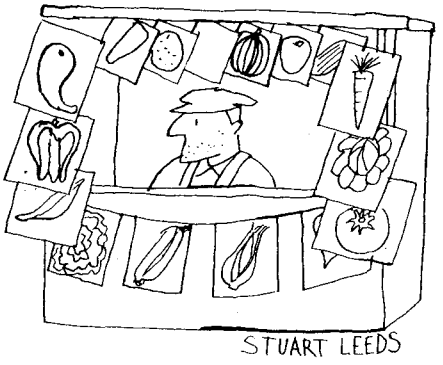
FORREST McDONALD

Study of Herbert Hoover has, during the last two decades, taken on the aspect of a thriving cottage industry. The scholarly output has been, and continues to be, huge, and two major books of essays, one published in 1974 and the other in 1981, have "reappraised" his Presidency and "reassessed" his career. As a consequence, Hoover's stock among historians has risen appreciably.

Yet in several respects there is something unsatisfying about all this. In part the difficulty arises from the very range and diversity of Hoover's activities over a long and vigorous life: he seems almost too much to comprehend. Then too, Hoover poses problems because his political philosophy, though quite coherent, defies facile classification. He was at once a classical liberal, a social-engineering progressive, and a conservative. Finally, much of the scholarship has been ideologically skewed. As early as 1961, for instance, the founding guru of New Left historiography, William Appleman Williams, depicted Hoover's Presidency not as one of callous inactivity in the face of the Depression, as popular and political myth had it, but as the "keystone in the arch" connecting the Progressive movement to the New Deal. Though that, to the New Left, was an accusation—Hoover was just another actor in the futile struggle to save capitalism from its internal contradictions—it was high praise to the then-dominant liberal establishment; and the image of Hoover as forerunner of the New Deal accounts for much of his new-found favor with the Brotherhood of American Historians. Contrariwise, the regnant guru of libertarian historiography, Murray Rothbard, has attacked Hoover's presidential activism for its departure from libertarian principles, and charged that the Hoover policies exacerbated and prolonged the Depression.

To set the record straight, the Hoover Presidential Library conceived a grand, perhaps even audacious, undertaking, that of engaging an historian to write the "definitive" Hoover biography. For the task, it made a happy choice—George Nash, author of *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America since 1945*. The first of Nash's several projected volumes on Herbert Hoover, covering the years to 1914, is now at hand.

In broad outlines, the early part of the story is fairly well known: Quaker childhood in frontier Iowa, orphaned at the age of eight, growing up with relatives in Oregon, education with the Pioneer Class at Stanford, apprenticeship with the U.S. Geological Survey. It is in the details of what happened after 1897, when Hoover first went to Western Australia to manage a gold mine, that Nash's research begins to yield its riches.



A caveat, however, before going on: the details are excessive, occasionally repetitive, and sometimes tedious. Given the extent of Hoover's doings, the volume of the sources, the thoroughness of the author, and the fact that some of Hoover's business activities later became the target of politically inspired muckraking that the historian is duty-bound to examine, it was virtually inevitable that there should be more here about Hoover than the ordinary reader will want to know. Never mind; skip over the parts that fail to grip and get on with the story, for it is high adventure, and there is something here for everyone.

In Australia and in China (where he endured a siege during the Boxer Rebellion) Hoover quickly established a worldwide reputation as an engineer who made mining pay. Blessed with demonic energy, a phenomenal memory, and a natural gift for administration, he took charge of mine after mine, introducing efficiency in an industry that was notoriously slipshod. By 1901 his efforts had won him a partnership, at the age of 27, in the London-based Bewick, Moreing and Company. Soon he had turned that organization around. Ostensibly a specialist in mine management, Bewick, Moreing was actually concerned mainly with speculating in mining stocks. Under Hoover's aggressive leadership it concentrated on expanding its managerial contracts—so successfully that it could be accused of virtually

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monopolizing the business. As significantly, because of Hoover the firm rapidly acquired a reputation for integrity, in an industry traditionally dominated by ruthless and unscrupulous brigands.

The occasion for that accomplishment was a heavily disguised blessing. In 1902 it developed that one of the junior partners, A. Stanley Rowe, had absconded after embezzling nearly a million dollars from Bewick, Moreing's client companies and from brokers and bankers—by, among other means, forging stock certificates of those clients. Charles A. Moreing, the senior partner, was in China when the news broke; in his absence, Hoover pledged publicly that the firm would make good all losses inflicted by Rowe's wrongdoing, though it was in no way legally responsible. Moreing was scarcely delighted when he learned what Hoover had done, since most of the money would come from his pockets; but the pledge was honored, and it paid handsome dividends in the future, for trustworthiness was as important an asset as competence in attracting investors in mining.

The Rowe episode proved valuable to Hoover in another way as well. For the next five years he was deeply in debt, and circumstances forced him to develop his considerable native talents as a financier. By 1908, when he resigned and sold his partnership in Bewick, Moreing, the likes of Jay Gould and Jim Fisk could, as P. G. Wodehouse used to say, have taken his correspondence course.

During the next eight years Hoover made his fortune. Though as an "industrial doctor" to "sick companies" he had a wide range of experiences, he did develop a specialty. Repeatedly he scouted out mines that were ailing or defunct because of technological difficulties, the most conspicuous examples being the silver-lead-zinc mines at Broken Hill, New South Wales, and the fabled Bawdwin mines in Burma. Then he obtained the necessary backing, organized the appropriate companies, and juggled his credit for the time that it took (often years) to solve the engineering problems. In the process he netted handsome fees and acquired substantial stockholdings in the successful enterprises he created. As a young man he had said, "If a man has not made a fortune by forty he is not worth much." Before he turned forty, in August 1914, Hoover had become a millionaire.

But by that time he had lost interest in the mere making of money: "I have got to that stage now," he wrote to a friend, "where I am playing the game for the game's sake, as the counters don't interest me any longer." And to another he wrote that, being "as rich as any man has much right to be," he was now ready to "get into the big game somewhere."

Thus did the Great Engineer prepare himself for a half-century of public service; but there was far more to his preparation than engineering, management, and finance. Not least among the additional preparations was a liberal education broader and deeper, in my opinion, than that of any other American President save only John Quincy Adams. On his endless travels he read incessantly—several thousand books, by his reckoning—in the history and culture of the many countries where he worked and in the classical era, the Renaissance, and the Enlightenment. Beyond that, he developed his skills as a diplomat and mastered the art of shaping public opinion through the press.

And there was one more thing. Over the course of 17 years of roaming the globe, Hoover saw and came to understand an astonishingly large part of the world; a highly informed observer said that there was "no one in Europe who knew all Europe, economically and socially, as well as he," and the same could have been said of Africa, Asia, and the Antipodes. But the more Hoover saw and learned, the more he loved and appreciated his own country, and he devoted much study and thought to understanding what it was that made the United States great. He had not, in 1914, worked out the well-rounded political and social philosophy that he would expound in the 1920s and afterward, but the basic ingredients were there in the things he loved most about America: an ethos of adventurousness, resourcefulness, buoyant idealism, and hard work; an economic order that rewarded individual merit and individual initiative, but was tempered by a charitable spirit toward the less fortunate; and, above all, equality of opportunity.

Hoover would, in the future, strive mightily to preserve those things in America, but the cataclysm of 1914 set in motion a global train of events that would nullify much of his effort. Many years later he wrote that "the happiest period of all humanity in the Western world in ten centuries was the 25 years before the First World War . . . the

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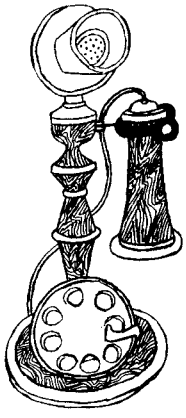

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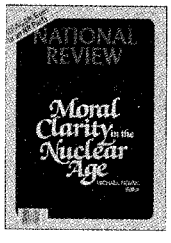

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last golden age in the world." As the war began—and as the book ends—Hoover stood on the edge of greatness, and the West stood on the brink of disaster.

Read the book. It will help you understand everything that happened afterward. □

Modern Times: The World from the Twenties to the Eighties
By Paul Johnson
Harper & Row, 817 pp., $27.95

THE COLLECTIVIST ERA

JOSEPH SOBRAN

In 1932 a group of Japanese army and navy officers plotted to murder Charlie Chaplin, along with the Japanese prime minister (whom they did kill). The ringleader explained to the judge: "Chaplin is a popular figure in the United States and the darling of the capitalist class. We believed that killing him would cause a war with America." Their lawyer presented the judge with 110,000 letters, many written in blood, pleading for clemency. Nine young men chopped off their little fingers and sent them pickled in a jar of alcohol to the war minister in earnest of their support for the officers.

Such details are typical of *Modern Times*, this year's Paul Johnson tome. When Johnson finds time to write these books, let alone do the staggering amounts of reading necessary to them, is anybody's guess. But the results are as delicious as they are impressive.

The anecdote I have just cited amusingly illustrates the rise of the militaristic spirit in Japan along with the breakdown of law (the officers received lenient sentences). It is one of the book's great virtues that Johnson combines a towering comprehension of events with an eye for the colorfully anomalous detail. Every paragraph teems with odd facts. You may as well start reading this book at the beginning, because wherever you open it, you are bound to keep reading. He covers sixty years in eight hundred pages, and every page is enlivened by his energetic interest in everything from physics to India.

The following sentence appeared in the official *Short Biography of Stalin* (now, I believe, out of print): "Stalin never allowed his work to be marred by the slightest hint of vanity, conceit, or self-adulation." This insight was interpolated by Stalin himself. His editorial hand was also in evidence in Lysenko's 1948 presidential address to the Academy of Agricultural Science: Lysenko showed visitors a text marked with Stalin's handwritten corrections. (The speech heralded unexpected midlife career changes for a number of counter-revolutionary biologists.)

Three days before his suicide, Hitler repented that he had been "so kind." Japanese soldiers were permitted, during food shortages, to kill and eat American and English prisoners of war. Franklin Roosevelt died feeling that Stalin could no longer be trusted—an impression confirmed by Averell Harriman, of all people. Gandhi began each day by asking his waiting-women, "Did you have a good bowel movement this morning, sisters?" (One of his favorite books was titled *Constipation and Our Civilization.*)

Johnson's verdicts on historical figures are shrewd and unsparing. He calls Gandhi a "sorcerer's apprentice" whose rhetoric of nonviolence was "nonsense," given the turmoil he ignited. He likens Nehru to Gandhi in his "similar element of egregious frivolity." Anthony Eden, "an honorable man," proved, in the Suez crisis, "a half-hearted Machiavelli." Eisenhower's swift decisiveness at the same hour helped, in the long run, "to prepare a mighty scourge for America's own back" by deferring to "the tendentious conduct of 'world opinion'" and turning major power contests over to the UN.

About American affairs Johnson is extremely keen. He speaks contemptuously of "the Watergate witch-hunt," brought about by people in the media. "The aim was to use publicity to reverse the electoral victory of 1972, which was felt to be, in some metaphysical sense, illegitimate—rather as conservative Germans had regarded Weimar as illegitimate." Led by the *Washington Post*, the East Coast media made a folk hero of "a publicity-hungry federal judge, John Sirica." In the McCarthy era, Johnson observes, the accused could depend on justice in court; not so in the Watergate era.

In fact the courts eagerly supported the collectivist thrust of the Seventies: "The Supreme Court in effect reinterpreted the Constitution to sustain the particular political and legislative preferences of the judiciary, which were liberal. Hence constitutional principles, and the legal practice derived from them, changed with frightening speed." Johnson sees these truths about contemporary America with a cool outsid-

RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE JUNE TITLES: *In Afghanistan: An American Odyssey* (Coward-McCann, $18.95), by Jere Van Dyk, is a first-person account by an American freelance writer of his experiences with the Afghan resistance fighters. Van Dyk, who departed for his adventures carrying three cameras and $500 given him by the *New York Times*, has produced a vivid, compelling, and sympathetic book. "We are politically free and spiritually chained in the West; here it is the opposite."

E. Gray Dimond, author of *Inside China Today: A Western View* (Norton, $16.50), is a Kansas City physician and a friend of Edgar Snow and of Snow's friend George Hatem, also an American and a medical advisor to the Red Army. Snow, at Hatem's request, made no mention of Hatem in his book *Red Star over China*; Dimond, who saw a lot of Hatem in the Seventies and early Eighties, remedies the omission. In Dimond's opinion the Cultural Revolution bore witness to the future and proved it doesn't work; in China, Marxism stands discredited, to be replaced with the milder politics of democratic socialism.

Winds of History: The German Years of Lucius DuBignon Clay (Van Nostrand Reinhold, $25.50), by John H. Baker, describes the role played in postwar Germany by the U.S. military governor, who helped restructure Europe and create the Federal Republic of Germany. . . . John Prados describes in detail the Navarre Plan, according to which the French military tried to persuade President Eisenhower to engage B-52s in bombing missions against the Vietminh, in *The Sky Would Fall: Operation Vulture: The Secret U.S. Bombing Mission to Vietnam, 1954* (Dial, $17.95).

Martin Van Buren and the Romantic Age of American Politics (Oxford, $35), by John Niven, looks to be an excellent biography of the Jeffersonian President who played an important role in the creation of the Democratic Party. This is full, well-rounded history—political biography at its best.

—CW

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nce upon a time,

long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers? Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody.* Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And lo these many years we have asked our readers to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. **As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!**

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er's eye; he is not fooled by the favorable publicity the "activist" (read: leftist) judiciary has received at home, publicity that in fact has helped corrupt the judicial system.

Johnson's whole view of the Seventies is refreshingly unconventional. "The number of Africans and Asians who died in consequence of Arab oil policy in the decade after 1973 must be calculated in tens of millions." So much for the romance of the Third World. "One might say that the most ubiquitous form of racism during this decade was anti-Americanism." This was so, he thinks, because America remained, in spite of everything, the symbol of "individualism as opposed to collectivism," of "free will as opposed to determinism."

Yet during this time our own leaders spoke a language of fatalism. Cyrus Vance said, "We can no more stop change than King Canute could still the waters"; Zbigniew Brzezinski said, "The world is changing under the influence of forces no government can control." *No* government? At the same time Andrei Gromyko was saying, "No question of any significance . . . can now be decided without the Soviet Union or in opposition to it."

Western intellectuals, meanwhile, were infected by ideologies Johnson calls "anti-empirical, denying the real world in favor of the theoretical world, discounting facts in favor of 'explanations.'" Rejecting freedom, these ideologies underwrote state action, "the great killer of all time. By the 1980s, state action had been responsible for the violent or unnatural deaths of over 100 million people, more perhaps than it had hitherto succeeded in destroying during the whole of human history up to 1900."

But he ends on a note of hope, seeing "palimpsests of freedom" amid the destruction. I think I see them too. □

Lead Time: A Journalist's Education
By Garry Wills
Doubleday, 408 pp., $18.95

FIRST AND LAST

TERRY TEACHOUT

From Jesuit to jolly journalist: though some may doubt the wisdom of the transition, no one can deny that Garry Wills has managed it with flair. Twelve books and two decades ago, he was dissecting Chesterton for Sheed and Ward in a prose style that Evelyn Waugh judiciously described as "not uniformly bad"; today, he writes for *Playboy* and *Esquire* and *The New York Review of Books*, dispensing insights and deflating egos with the help of one of the wickedest literary backhands around. Even Dame Rebecca West, herself no slouch with a putdown, called his reporting "the best in a generation." Mr. Wills's last few books have been elegant reworkings, Edmund Wilson-style, of that superbly erratic reportage; now, in *Lead Time: A Journalist's Education*, he serves it up neat.

The subtitle is impressionistic. Despite a certain amount of rearview waffling—a preface; an afterword for each piece; an introduction for each group of pieces—*Lead Time* is not a memoir *manqué*. Mr. Wills has simply chosen forty of his best articles, essays, and reviews written (mostly) during the Seventies and shipped them off to Doubleday, which slapped them between hard covers. The results are predictably exasperating and unfailingly, even compulsively, readable.

The trick, of course, is in the prose. Gone is the callow ex-seminarian whose reliance on "the jargon of the lecture room" so irked Mr. Waugh; Garry Wills has long since put himself through the kind of rigorous training that Wilfrid Sheed describes in *Max Jamison*:

> He had sensed that in educated America, humor was the number-one language, for criticism, passion, even cooking: and he set about learning it with grim intelligence. Until he was among the best, far ahead of the naturals and kibitzers. Until it was his actual trademark, dyed into his hide, and he could not write two lines without resorting to it.

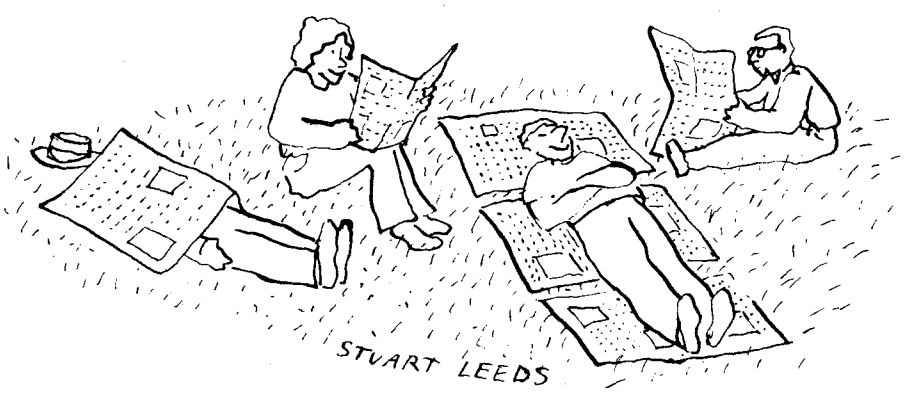
The pages of *Lead Time* crackle with proof that Mr. Wills's studies were not in vain. There are deadly one-liners: "Richard Nixon, Hiss is your life." There are savage anti-personnel strikes: "Truman convinced himself, finally, that Jimmy Cagney had moved into the White House on the day FDR broke his promise to himself and died." There is plain old bitchiness: "On *Firing Line*, [Jerry] Brown and William Buckley traded Latin tags, each pretending to know something about Thomas Aquinas."

Mr. Wills doesn't spend all of his time cavorting in the margins, though; more often than not, his wit remains firmly in harness, serving the ends of a shrewd mind in much the same way that Chesterton's paradoxes were always aimed squarely at their target. Witness his terse description of the Senate: "It is an embarrassment and a source of strength, like the South." Or this miniature meditation on politicians and their vanities:

> There is a kind of noble discipline in politicians, in persons prepared to devote a lifetime to discourse on a single subject, over and over, with anyone who will listen, anywhere. It inspires a goofy awe, this sight of them ringing a single bell all their lives, hammering at their own heads.

Nor is Garry Wills—despite a lengthy stint as a syndicated columnist—a mere cud-chewer. Harold Hayes of *Esquire* made him into a real reporter, wide-eyed and cold-eyed, with a sure instinct for the summary vignette; *Lead Time* is packed with keenly observed scenes that tell all in a paragraph. The essence of Barry Goldwater, for instance, is caught in this casual snapshot of Mr. Wills and Karl Hess awaiting arrest during an antiwar protest:

> But when Barry Goldwater came on the clotted mass and heard someone shout, "Your old speechwriter is in there," he stepped over the sprawling bodies, found Karl, and pulled him to his feet with a



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handshake. "Why don't you ever come by and see me?" Karl, booted and bearded in Che fashion, mumbled, "I guess some of your staff would get pissed off." The Senator shot back: "Well, piss on them; you're my *friend*."

Mr. Wills is, needless to say, subject to fits of deep thinking, even in the pages of *Playboy*; he is the kind of interviewer who can keep a straight face while asking Jimmy Carter if he likes to bring up such matters as Rudolf Bultmann's form criticism of the New Testament while teaching Sunday school in Plains, Georgia. (Carter's answer, duly recorded by reporter Wills: "What is that?") And no review of *Lead Time* would be complete without this sample of Garry Wills, political economist:

> Capitalism is expansive and risk-taking; it accumulates resources to make large leaps into the unknown. When the resources cannot be gathered any other way (e.g., from peasants), a government takes charge of the project—this form of capitalism is called Communism, and is the mortal enemy of the "capitalists" who sit and listen to Bill Simon tell them how private enterprise made them what they are today.

Chuck it, Wills!

But for all his temporal heresies, Mr. Wills is still rock-solid on first and last things. "I read the New Testament every day, since I am a Christian," he says in the middle of a *New York Times* piece about Chuck Colson—a breath of fresh air, indeed. Garry Wills may not know the difference between Communism and capitalism any more; but when the editor of *Harper's* asked him why he still believes, he gave this eloquent reply:

> "Today we two shall be in Paradise." Only one man, I believe, could keep that promise, made to his fellow crook while they were being executed. How can I tell that? As I would gauge the size of a vessel that has passed, by the turbulence of wake it left behind. . . . By a consonance of mysteries, each incomplete in itself but the correlate of others—myself one of those mysteries; and you another; and He another (the darkest). . . . By prayer. By listening for a promise from my fellow crook.

You can forgive much to a writer like that. □

Sara & Gerald
By Honoria Murphy Donnelly
with Richard Billings
Times Books, 254 pp., $17.95

PRECIOUS HEDONISTS

JEFFREY MEYERS

Gerald and Sara Murphy, who spent more than Edith Wharton and wrote less than Harry Crosby, are remembered for their lavish hospitality to American artists in France in the 1920s. Our extremist culture paradoxically admires both the sacrificial austerity of George Orwell and Simone Weil and the self-indulgent luxury of this precious couple. All their energies were dissipated in the perfection of trivialities—"as for living, our servants can do that for us"—and their lives (like Gerald's family business) became a "monument to the nonessential" until they were elevated into tragic awareness.

Their daughter's memoir combines a Victorian family piety with a clumsy modern style: her parents "hosted" and "summered," but were not "impromptu party people." The book bears a soppy and superfluous foreword, suffers distracting shifts from third to first person (the crude seams of joint authorship), and is badly organized. The first two quite interesting chapters concern the friendships with Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Dos Passos, MacLeish, Picasso, and Léger, and the deaths of the Murphys' two boys in the mid-1930s. But the recapitulation of their prior and subsequent life is repetitive and rather vapid.

In the early 1920s Sara had 27 acres in East Hampton and $200,000 after taxes. In 1931 Gerald inherited the leather-goods store, Mark Cross, then worth $2 million. Fitzgerald, who once wrote, "Let me tell you about the rich; they are different from you and me," was fascinated by the Murphys. He dedicated his finest novel, *Tender Is the Night*: "To Gerald and Sara: Many fêtes," and the glamorous aspects of Dick and Nicole Diver were based on his friends. But the Murphys, offended by the heavy drinking and boorish manners that spoiled their fêtes, did not fully recognize either Fitzgerald's genius or the tragedy of his life with Zelda. Honoria concludes, with faulty syntax: "Beyond his bad behavior, Fitzgerald shared no mutual interests with them."

Honoria, who was a child in the 1920s, had only a superficial acquaintance with her parents' famous friends. She now offers an uncritical, impressionistic narrative context for her parents' correspondence, with derivative and often erroneous statements, especially about Hemingway, who did *not* prefer the company of women, unless he was in love with them; whose second wife, Pauline, was *not* an editor at *Vogue*; who *never* slept with Marlene Dietrich. Honoria naïvely reports that Gerald "often wondered out loud why Ernest talked about his father's suicide so much"—though Hemingway was clearly obsessed with the self-destruction that ran in his family. She also records that Sara criticized Hemingway's first wife, Hadley, for telling Ernest she thought he was in love with Pauline, because "it put the idea in his head and made him feel guilty at the same time"—though he must have fallen in love with Pauline *before* Hadley suspected it.

Gerald does, however, note the overwhelming force of Hemingway's personality and perceives that "He is never difficult with people he does not like, the people he does not take seriously." This memoir offers valuable testimony to the generous, compassionate, even tender side of Hemingway's character. When the Murphys' son Patrick fell ill Hemingway wrote him many long letters, sent wonderful presents, often came to visit (and was nearly reduced to tears).

Patrick contracted tuberculosis in 1929 and was taken to Montana-Vermala, where the dance of death went on in expensive hotels. Switzerland was a country, Fitzgerald observed, "where few things begin, but many things end." Other invalids, like James Elroy Fleck-

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er and Katherine Mansfield (who also stayed at Dr. Stephani's Palace Clinic), had struggled for life there just before and after the war. The Murphys nursed Patrick with devotion and with an acute consciousness of an adult's vulnerability to the suffering of a helpless child. When he died in 1937, Hemingway wrote a moving letter of condolence: "I can't be brave about it and in all my heart I am sick for you both. . . . Very few people ever really are alive and those that are never die, no matter if they are gone. No one you love is ever dead."

In the midst of Patrick's illness their other son, Baoth (whose odd name is never explained), had a now-outdated mastoid operation that led to his death from spinal meningitis in 1935. The incomprehensible cruelty of that disease —the vomiting, migraines, convulsions, and coma—were described with clinical objectivity by Thomas Mann in his chapter on the death of Nepo in *Doctor Faustus*. The inconsolable Sara rushed out of Patrick's funeral service, looked up at the sky, and cursed God. Gerald felt the sad Orwellian "satisfaction in the knowledge that one has really touched bottom" and could descend no deeper into doom.

Honoria loyally tries to make her tasteful and self-indulgent parents seem like something more than Ottoline Morrells of the French Riviera. She admits that "the ritual of raking the beach was, in fact, a serious project for Gerald"; that he, "of course, enjoyed nothing more than furnishing a house." But she unconvincingly claims he was a "major American artist" instead of, in reality, a mechanical disciple of Léger and a precursor of Op Art. When Gerald gained unexpected recognition at the end of his life for six surviving works from an *œuvre* of only 14, he wittily remarked: "I've been discovered. . . . *What* does one wear?" He lacked a passionate commitment to art—or to anything else except hedonism. The facile conclusion that he gave up painting because of Patrick's illness is inconsistent with his summer trips to Europe in the early 1930s when he left the slowly dying boy in the care of a nurse.

Gerald and Sara were more acute than their daughter about the limitations of their narcissistic life. Gerald did business with Hitler's Germany throughout the 1930s. World War II was merely an inconvenience that interrupted their holidays, spoiled their yachting, and prevented summer voyages to Europe. Gerald, who knew a number of truly major artists, self-deprecatingly explained that he abandoned painting because "there were already too many second-rate painters in the world." And Sara conceded: "We ourselves did nothing notable except enjoy ourselves." Would they have attracted so many well-known artists if they had not had the money and generosity to entertain and even support them on a grand scale? Probably not. □

On Literacy
By Robert Pattison
Oxford, 213 pp., $17.95

HOPEFULLY INTO ILLITERACY

MITCHELL S. ROSS

Turn to chapter six, titled "Hopefully into the Future: John Locke and Correct Usage." Professor Pattison introduces us to a professor of English at the extension campus of a great Midwestern university. From his lonely outpost inside a "once-prosperous industrial city now gone to seed," the professor wages quixotic warfare against the abuse of the word "hopefully." Memos are dispatched to colleagues. Harangues

are hurtled into the ears of students who are happy enough to bear this professorial passion as relief from the drier academic concerns of the day. With an ironical dash Pattison notes, "Hopefully, the students think, these digressions will continue."

Our author thereupon weighs in with an evaluation of it all that serves as one of the principal spiritual climaxes of *On Literacy*: "Only someone blind to the realities of life in our century could argue that the preservation of 'hopefully' in its seventeenth century usage is connected in a positive way with the welfare of the professor's Midwestern students, whose fortunes are intimately related to the destiny of our beleaguered industrial economy." Yes, of course, but could not the same thing be said for the preservation of recipes to create Tuscan bread when there is so much mass-produced dough to be fetched from supermarket shelves?

Professor Pattison is not satisfied yet. "What benefit do the professor's students derive from indoctrination in the approved use of 'hopefully'? Will they earn more money in the factories by avoiding this solecism?" No, but are their prospects in this regard improved by taking English literature courses in the first place? "Will they thereby qualify for better-paid executive positions?" Shall I repeat myself? "Will their personal lives be enriched?" Well, maybe. The correct use of "hopefully" does lend a high tone to common discourse, and this seems to me personally enriching. "Like thousands of other words, 'hopefully' has come to have new usages. Why resist the evolution of the language?" But what if it is the degeneration of the language that is being resisted?

Professor Pattison does not see things that way. "Literacy from the time of the pharaohs forward has never collapsed but only changed." In his view, the essays on language by John Simon, Edwin Newman, and William Safire are atrociously reactionary, the dry breath of authoritarianism. By contrast, the lively literacy of our age can be found in the common culture of advertising or rock music: "Advertising . . . generates a truly lively and exciting rhetoric because it is motivated by the living principle of greed and remains in touch with the spoken vitality of the popular language." There can and should be no more Gettysburg Addresses; there will be enriching television commercials.

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And there will be Bruce Springsteen:

The poets down here
don't write nothing at all.
They just stand back and let it all be.

According to Professor Pattison, "The conjunction of incorrect grammar with immediacy in the apprehension of life is no accident in rock lyricism. It is the essence of the new literacy." The real issue is not literacy but power: "Those who denounce the new electronic media for corrupting literacy really mean to say that these innovations menace the middle-class literacy approved by the American establishment."

Is it possible, without seeming to oppose spontaneity in language, to characterize Professor Pattison as a bit of a boob? I think so. One needn't be fanatical about "hopefully" to rue its common usage as a rogue adverb. One needn't despise all popular culture to see it as debasing rather than enhancing the cause of literacy. We may indeed have entered a new era—one in which the letterhead of a book-publishing company such as Doubleday identifies the firm as "a communications corporation"—but that does not mean that literacy as we have known it is not on the decline, and that this is not a sad development. May George Plimpton write fewer books and play more video games in the years ahead; I shall recall the words of Evelyn Waugh's Scott-King, "I think it would be very wicked indeed to do anything to fit a boy for the modern world." □

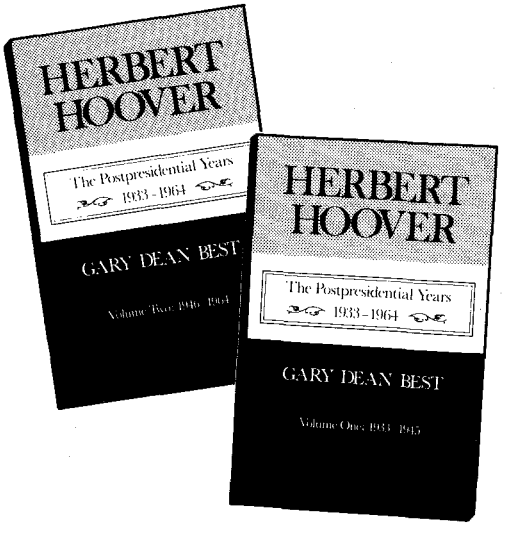
FILM

NEVER SAY JEDI

JOHN SIMON

In his marvelous poem "Warning to Children," Robert Graves evokes a fairy-tale world that keeps circularly leading to a brown paper parcel in which the child finds the same splendid-horrible experiences exhaustingly propelling him toward "the same brown paper parcel / still untied." Midway through the poem, the poet warns: "Children, leave the string untied"—in vain, of course, and the nightmarish rat race recommences. So it is with George Lucas's *Star Wars* ennead, a projected nine-part junk epic of which the current *Return of the Jedi* constitutes the third installment. This, we learn, closes the central trilogy, which also comprises *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back*, to be followed by a prequel trilogy and a sequel trilogy. As it takes three years for each film to emerge from its creative cocoon, we have 18 more years' worth of lead butterflies to look forward to.

Return of the Jedi has itself a sort of tripartite plot. First, we have the rescue of Princess Leia and Han Solo from the vicious, viscous clutches of the ogre Jabba the Hutt (out of Jabberwocky by Attila the Hun), a gigantic pinheaded toad with a mean mini-creature, part lap dog, part bird, perched on his flabby, expansive shoulder. Here we get mostly a potpourri of half-human, half-bestial monsters, guarding Leia as a sex (or



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merely lust) object and Solo (frozen into a slab in the last installment) as an *objet d'art*, a kind of decorative frieze, for their oozing, androgynous overlord. Luke, aided by C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, springs the prisoners in the hysterical-comic-strip manner of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. The middle third involves mostly forest skirmishings between the evil Empire and our heroes, abetted by adorable sylvan Ewoks, small creatures that look like schnauzers walking on their hind legs, and that enshrine C-3PO as their gilded deity. The Ewoks, who mostly use primitive, aboriginal weapons, are paradoxically adept at manning intergalactic bumper cars in aerial slaloms through their woods, and walloping the daylights out of the dark Emperor's armies.

The final third concerns chiefly Luke Skywalker's singlehanded jousting with both his sinister father, Darth Vader, and the latter's supremely evil boss, the Emperor. Despite affirmations that the Dark Side is unbeatable, our young Jedi knight, duly harangued by the deceased Obi-Wan and Yoda, triumphs both over his powerful progenitor, whom he arouses to a dying decency and paternal feelings, and over the creepily cadaverous, shrouded, drooling Emperor, whom he dispatches, with daddy's aid, into an endless lethal tailspin. The ultimate absurdity here is that, though there is much palaver about the dread finality of death, good guys nevertheless never die: they just fade away into a limbo from which, thanks to some sort of metaphysical holography, they seem to be able to materialize at will.

The coda depicts the overthrow and atomization of the Empire's new power station that could have enslaved the universe, in which deed our heroes are aided by the nobly reformed black smuggler Lando Calrissian and the humanoid schnauzers. It is revealed that Princess Leia also has the Force, which she, conveniently and anticlimactically, inherited—whereas poor Luke had to endure superhuman ordeals, including the loss of a hand, to acquire it. It is further revealed that Leia is really Luke's sister, so that our heroic trio can coexist unencumberedly: Solo enjoying Leia in what may or may not be wedlock while continuing as best buddy to Luke, who can enjoy her as a loving brother in the mere afterglow of incest.

The verbal level of the script by Lawrence Kasdan and George Lucas is epitomized in the line, "Everything that has transpired is according to my desires," which conjoins the solecism of "transpired" with the stiltedness of the rest. The visual epitome occurs in Luke and Darth Vader's single combat to the death with laser swords: pop's laser is red, the pup's green, thus making the entire deadly contest look like a duel of demented traffic lights. And, of course, there is all that coursing hardware, the various space crafts and projectiles zooming hither and yon. The special effects are not bad, but not so good as to look radically different from animated cartoons, and it goes against my grain to watch something this long, this repetitious, and this wastefully expensive that is, after all, only a cartoon with overtones of video games. The very extraterrestrial landscapes, always a problem in this kind of movie, look too mundanely earthy—because the big money and effort went elsewhere—so that the forest of the Ewoks, for example, evokes a nice place for picnicking rather than a galactic Brocéliande.

The acting in such a film is at best rudimentary, and, when most of the actors have only rudimentary skills, extends from the ridiculous to the subliminal. Especially affected are Mark Hamill (Luke) and Carrie Fisher (Leia), the former having capitalized on youth and insipid good looks; the latter, on youth and her parentage. Hoping to make the less youthful Leia more alluring, the filmmakers have given her scantier apparel and a suggestive but inept dance number to perform for her lecherous captor, who otherwise tends to keep her on a leash. But it would take more than S&M, or even B&D, to stir up the kinkiest lust for this drab and untalented creature. As for Hamill, his nonstop soulfulness has now irretrievably crossed over into the cretinous. Harrison Ford (Solo) just goes on and on unchanged, gallantry and stolidity sluggishly battling to a standstill inside him; the occasional trenchant epigram he tosses at us requires no laser sword to cut it—a mustard knife will do. And, by way of brown paper, this third parcel in the trilogy is wrapped in the same old John Williams score, aimlessly noisy and musically threadbare. This time, the direction is by Richard (*Eye of the Needle*) Marquand, who may even surpass Irvin Kershner of *The Empire Strikes Back* in unimaginativeness.

But the children: will they love it? Most likely, because contrary to Victorian sentimentalization and Blakean innocence-worship, most children have neither inborn good taste nor innate incorruptibility. As for childish adults, of whom there seems to be no shortage, they should, like most of my critical colleagues, have a ball earnestly arguing the relative merits of *Star Wars*, *The Empire Strikes Back*, and *Return of the Jedi*. As I remarked about an article in which Max Kozloff disputed Andy Warhol's claim to equality with Rosenquist and Lichtenstein (or was it Rosencrantz and Guildenstern?), "It's like watching a race among three cockroaches and saying, 'This one doesn't quite have the classic gait of the other two.'"

Easily the most obnoxious pair of films in this particular dark night of the screen are *Exposed*, by James Toback, and *The Hunger*, by the British TV-commercial director Tony Scott, brother of the former British TV-commercial director Ridley Scott. *Exposed*, like previous cinematic wet dreams by the profoundly untalented and arrogantly pretentious Toback (a Pauline Kael favorite: the great critic, though she has yet to publish a review, has long since supplied the film's advertisers with a favorable quotation), is interesting mainly as the film that manages to make the sexy Nastassia Kinski look unappetizing, and that gives Rudolf Nureyev a chance to wed Iron Curtain cunning to free-world camp. Probably the finest scenes are the one in which Rudi, a con-

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cert violinist and avenger of acts of totalitarian terrorism, seduces the cover girl Nasty by, literally, using her body as the fiddle for his bow (truly a man with many strings to his instrument), and the one in which Harvey Keitel, as an international terrorist, rides in the back of his car with Kinski and a traitorous henchman between them, and calmly stabs the traitor through the heart and wipes his knife without skipping a beat in the badinage. Though the New York critics have left-handedly praised the film, it will die a swift, well-deserved death in the heartland; how does such a consummate no-talent as Toback repeatedly raise the money for his dismal blood-and-sex fantasies?

As for *The Hunger*, a vampire film permeated with a totally effete interior-decorator sensibility, it is, like *Exposed*, most interesting for its utter lack of sense, to which it adds a choppy, cross-cutting style full of short takes, like a master chef demonstrating his chopping technique so fast that the eye can't tell whether he's preparing an appetizer or dessert, and the stomach feels as if it were being simultaneously force-fed on both. Wan horror, limp sex, and minimal narrative are doused with every sort of visual opulence and chic, in which the mating of Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie looks almost as unisex as the subsequent dalliance between Deneuve and Susan Sarandon. The latter has genuine talent, wasted on what looks like an extended commercial for Calvin Klein jeans. □

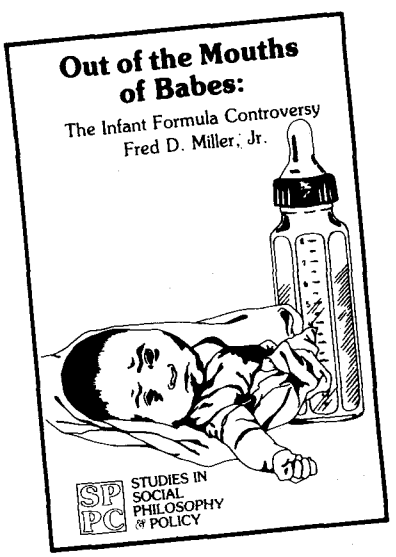
DELECTATIONS

THE AMERICAN WAY

NIKA HAZELTON

After flavored vinegars, homemade pasta, chocolate truffles, and West Coast caviar, the newest concern of the foodies is American cooking, and whether there is such a thing as American cuisine. Brave new chefs like Paul Prudhomme of New Orleans, Jeremiah Tower of San Francisco, Alice Waters of Berkeley, and Larry Forgione from the other side of the Brooklyn Bridge cooked up a storm at a recent San Francisco festival, where the future of American food and wine was discussed and where three hundred people paid $250 each for an extravaganza of regional cooking and wine tasting. It is interesting to observe, however, that no one—either here or anywhere else that I have seen—has mentioned the father of it all, the man who really did make American food as desirable in theory as in practice.

This man is James Beard, who recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, an event that none of the New York food editors thought worthy of reporting, save for a few lines stuck away in a *New York Times* shopping column and a belated piece in the *New York Post*. Without James Beard, none of it could have happened. For more than forty years, Mr. Beard has written books, taught at cooking schools, given demonstrations, and in other ways disseminated his encyclopedic knowledge to



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more people than I can name who built their reputations on his advice. Make a list of America's best-known chefs and food writers and you can bet that Jim Beard counseled them all.

James Beard's American Cookery (Little, Brown) is without exception the most interesting and complete compendium of regional and all-American food that has ever been published. He helped create the Four Seasons restaurant in New York, which revolutionized the concept of what a restaurant should and could be. Home bread-baking owes its renaissance to Mr. Beard, who advocated it long before the foodies latched on to it; *Beard on Bread* is an all-time best-seller throughout the nation.

One of the reasons for the extent of Mr. Beard's influence is the fact that he has lived his non-trendy way with food, making the subject interesting without overreaching the limits of what people really want and like to eat. He has never fallen for the two shrimp, three peas, and a spoon of yellow sauce on a large white plate cuisine that swept New York in the wake of *nouvelle cuisine* before American regionalism took over. Last but not least, there is his warm, outgoing, oversized personality: you know that the man is sincere, and that he knows, first-hand, what he is talking about.

Another new preoccupation of the foodies is matching up American foods and wines. No longer is it white with fish and red with meat, or drink as you please while you eat as you please. At the San Francisco Food and Wine Festival I spoke of earlier, it was discovered that a light red wine (in this case, Mondavi's pinot noir) is a better choice than white wine with salmon, because of the fish's oiliness; that zinfandel best handles breast of squab sautéed rare with shiitake mushrooms; and that pinot noir also goes well with rack of lamb, which formerly was paired with cabernet.

I suspect that the reason, or at least one of the reasons, for this new concern is the sad state the California wine industry finds itself in. I may be ignorant, but I've never seen any of this careful matching going on with European vintages, apart from such obvious discoveries as that a sweet German Beerenauslese does not taste good with red meat. However, while California wasn't looking, the price of imported wine dropped sharply, and good wines started being produced in places like New York, Virginia, Washington, Oregon, and Michigan. The Californians are now stuck with their varied red and white varietals that people are not buying because they are too expensive. (Adding insult to injury, their jug wines are also facing tough foreign competition.) Hence the pairings of chenin blancs, sauvignons, chardonnays, zinfandels, gamays, pinots, et cetera with specific foods, as a lure for those who want to do the correct thing. □

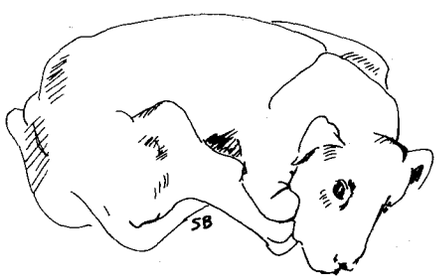
The GIMLET EYE

ARIEL SHARON

D. KEITH MANO

"Some American Jews would like to have a tiny, small Israel, very small—very obedient. A country they could come to every few years and plant a tree. They were looking for something small, something *symbolic*. But that cannot be. We'd all like to be shepherds, but in our part of the world it cannot be. You must have power, you must have strength."

This man, Sharon, needs a shipping lane to move in. His stride is ponderous and fantail heavy: if Sharon turned the other cheek, he'd take three Arab positions out. Since Lebanon, I hear, he has put on weight—a lot of compensatory eating there. The face can look gentle, though: so could a steel kreplach, I suppose. His nose is more bibcock than breather: big, with this insistent nervous tic on the bridge. Above double chins that an AWACS would register at 15,000 feet. The thick lower lip seems thumbed down: as if Sharon had just wet it to turn a page. And his glance: well, overdue bills look at you so, unsympathetic, intractable, through a window envelope. Yet, with his yarmulke peaking up, Sharon can remind me of some Snow White-type dwarf, super-life-size. You know: Sneezy, Sleepy, Doc, and Absolutely Implacable.



"Ariel Sharon," Rabbi David Kahane is talking, "it has been said that if every problem between the Jews and the Arabs were solved, the problem of Jerusalem is insoluble."

"The problem of Jerusalem. Has. Been. Solved."

Put that in your flavor straw and suck it up. They do: with much applause. We're packed together like buckwheat in kasha at the Sutton Place Synagogue. OCCUPATION BY MORE THAN 408 IS DANGEROUS AND UNLAWFUL and almost impossible. Sutton Place looks like the Revised Standard Version of a synagogue. Abstract figures in stained glass seem to derive from some Much Newer Testament. The Torah ark might be a Danish modern breakfront. One floor below, another five hundred are watching on closed-circuit TV. And, outside, along 51st Street, the overflow participates by loudspeaker. I find his accent difficult. "They will be pwoved wong," Sharon has just said. Obviously he's not going to make a Cross of Gold speech. But they don't mind. People, I notice, admire extreme hard-assedness in someone else. Satisfaction, by proxy, sort of: for all those libraries not yelled in and lines formed on the right, please.

"What is a Jewish general? A Jewish general is one that can't afford to lose. If we lose the war we will be exterminated and no one will help us."

I LOOK AT Ariel Sharon and figure he could beat my head into plowshares. Yet Sharon, you presume, can't be typical of the Israeli government or mind: after all, he was outvoted 17 to 2 on a recent Israel-Lebanon treaty. Odd, then, that Sharon is here, now—expressing Israeli opinion all over, writing exclusive journalism for the *New York Post*—just when they've started to play for table stakes again in Beirut and Bekaa. His stand on West Bank settling doesn't sound like a flexible purchase plan. To Sharon each emplacement (there are 130) is paramilitary: forward positions in case of trans-Jordanian attack. "We regard this settlement as our main answer—stronger than any written agreement—to the possibility of the creation of a second Palestinian state similar to the one that exists in Jordan. Israel will not allow the establishment of a Palestinian state in Samaria, Judea, or Galilee." And if you don't like it, go smoke your toenails someplace, American friend.

Nonetheless and despite, I've been

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experiencing a spiritual skin bracer here. Rabbi Kahane described Sharon as a "brilliant general, equal of Julius Caesar." Any American compared in public to Julius Caesar would be out buying fake facial hair and a Rastafarian wig next day. It exhilarates: hearing courage, aggressiveness, and patriotism fussed over once again. By however hard it is to be Jewish, it is also that much simpler—there are certainties that can make moral triangulation direct and swift. But the Jewish crowd at Sutton Place has to pay for their self-assurance. Kahane will ask what role an American Jew should play in Israeli decision-fixing and get this from Sharon:

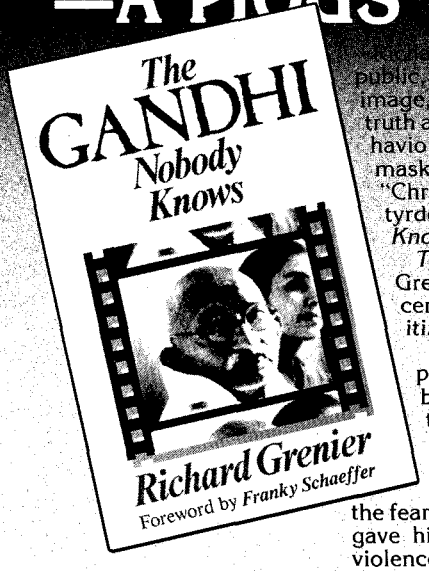
"When it comes to economy, when it comes to the way of life or democracy or culture, when it comes to science or our goals for the future—I think the American Jew has every right to express his views. When it comes to security, I don't think Israel should be put under *any* pressure by our people abroad."

Ariel (pronounced Ah-reel) Sharon was left for dead at age 18 in the 1948 war. He hasn't missed a face-off since. I remember his statement to Randolph Churchill after the zombie-making tank battle at Nakhl in 1967. "This was a Valley of Death. I came out of it like an old man. Hundreds were killed: there were burning tanks everywhere. One had the feeling that man was nothing." This isn't some careless war-peddler's remark. But Sharon has invested a life: he is no longer liquid, so to speak; he can no longer get at his capital. Even noble enterprises become obsessive in time.

So you wouldn't expect his position on the PLO massacre to be soft as an air-bag. "Israel was not responsible for that. Not directly or indirectly. The free world cannot surrender to terror—but the problem is that the free world does. Israel is not to be blamed, the world is to be blamed." So much for that.

And you realize, hearing Sharon, just how impoverished, in one area, Israel's deliberative mechanism has become. Survival—as Rabbi Kahane will suggest—might, indeed, be the highest value, I don't know. But it also creates a simplistic ethical, philosophical viewpoint. Now and then I could be jealous of their certainty: could wish that my own →

LIFE OF GANDHI —A PIOUS FRAUD?



Richard Grenier, concerned by public, yet award-winning, film image, reveals the disturbing truth about Gandhi's personal behavior and philosophy as he unmasks the legend of Hindu/"Christian" pacifism and martyrdom in *The Gandhi Nobody Knows.*

The movie Gandhi, says Grenier, "is a morality tale centered on a saintly, sanitized Mahatma Gandhi."

Grenier shows India's proponent for non-violence to be an unprincipled charlatan. "Gandhi, held in popular myth to be a pure pacifist, was until 50 not ill-disposed to war at all. During the fearsome rioting in Calcutta he gave his approval to men 'using violence in a moral cause.'"

Foreword by Franky Schaeffer.

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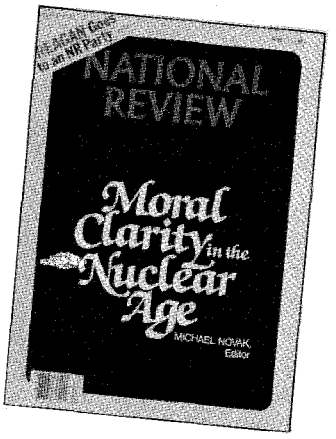

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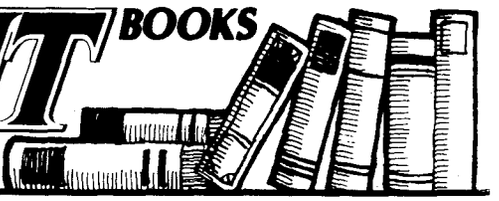

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

ARNOLD BEICHMAN—the scholar, polemicist, and author—was seated at a dinner recently beside Georgi Arbatov, the Kremlin's Dean of American Studies. Much to his American host's embarrassment, Beichman plied the urbane Arbatov with pointed questions about the new General Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party, Yuri Andropov, about whom he has just published a book. Beichman was particularly pressing on the subject of Andropov's 15 years as head of the KGB, during which he perfected the technique of curing dissidents by putting them in mental hospitals. At last Arbatov, goaded momentarily from behind the façade with which he charms George Kennan and Harrison Salisbury, turned on Beichman and half-shouted: "Do you know what would have happened to them under Stalin?"

Anton Antonov-Ovseyenko, in his book *The Time of Stalin: Portrait of a Tyranny* (Harper & Row, $19.95), sardonically concurs:

> The main proof of Communism is that we have stopped shooting troublemakers. Now they are carefully placed in jails and provided for. Even members of the Central Committee are no longer shot. My fellow historians, when they publish the minutes of Party congresses and the decrees of top Party bodies, no longer have to include lists of Central Committee members who were almost all massacred by Stalin. This means there have been major shifts and a sense of shame—another vivid and irrefutable indication of the coming of the new Communist era.

The author is the son of Vladimir Antonov-Ovseyenko, an Old Bolshevik and intimate of Lenin who led the attack on the Winter Palace in October 1917, served as an officer of the Red Army and as its political chief from 1911 to 1924, and wrote many books and hundreds of articles on behalf of the Revolution; who then, as a member of the defeated Trotskyist opposition, fell afoul of Stalin, was banished from the diplomatic corps, and was finally shot in 1938 at the height of the Terror. His son was expelled from a Moscow institute and the Young Communist League when he refused to denounce his father, even though as late as 1939 he believed that "Stalin's name was sacred" and that monsters were acting in that name. But he spent most of the Forties and early Fifties—12 years in all, until Stalin's death—in Gulag.

The Time of Stalin is at bottom an ambiguous work, written in the sardonically wise-cracking, deliberately common style of Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago*. It represents an attempt to raise the *Stalinshchina* to the level of a Soviet holocaust: three decades of monstrous criminality in which "The Gensek [Stalin] didn't . . . carry out one good action." On another level, it is an indictment of the counter-revolution, which betrayed the ideals of Lenin—and of Vladimir Antonov-Ovseyenko.

IT IS HARD to tell how far the author himself remains loyal to Bolshevism: clearly he is determined to vindicate his father, and there is much in this book that seems to suggest that Soviet history is the tragic record of the dialectic perverted by the machinations of a single man. Certainly, the Lenin we glimpse is not the raging monomaniac of Solzhenitsyn's *Lenin in Zurich*. Yet there are moments, too, suggesting the opposite: that revolutionary Leninism contained the seeds of its own destruction. Although Antonov-Ovseyenko continues to reside in Moscow, where he seems to have distanced himself deliberately from the dissident movement, his book is not available there.

Nor, we may surmise, will it be. The "rehabilitation" of Stalin's victims has led, paradoxically, to the rehabilitation of Stalin himself—to the revivification of idolatry. "Stalin's incomparable era," Antonov-Ovseyenko writes, "ended a quarter of a century ago. Some people are bored; some want to try to repeat it. The one they are conjuring will come. And he will come with a vengeance. Still, insistently, they keep calling him." □

nation were as self-confident. Still, the human sensibility matures best in reflection and choice and, yes, some doubt. So much sureness can propagate arrogance. It's dangerous to be right all the time. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE FALL OF THE FIRST BRITISH EMPIRE: *Origins of the War of American Independence, by Robert W. Tucker and David C. Hendrickson (Johns Hopkins, 450 pp., $24).* Perspective, Ortega y Gasset said, is a component of reality, and not merely an addition to it. This book offers two unusual such components. Professor Robert Tucker is a premier scholar of international relations, and to this work he brought all his talents of historical research and of historical perspective. Moreover, he and Professor Hendrickson chose to write about the origins of the American Revolution from the British side, whereby this is a study of British politics from an American perspective. They did this with the proper measure of detachment, avoiding the temptation to an American nationalist interpretation as well as the temptation to the kind of academic indifference that is merely masked by the mythical term of "objectivity." The causes of the American War of Independence are complicated. Some historians argue that after 1763 the British government decided to tighten, and thereby transform, the structure of its peculiar and unique empire; according to this argument, that was the main cause of the American Revolution. Others argue that the main cause was American nationalism: that no matter what the British did or might have done, full independence was, sooner rather than later, inevitable. On the two-dimensional level these arguments seem to be contradictory; on a deeper, historical, and therefore multi-causal level they are not. In this excellent book Tucker and Hendrickson balance and explain this very well. The thesis is summed up in their statement: "the vital interest of Great Britain was not simply to forestall war with the colonies . . . it was to prevent that very independence of the colonies which . . . might . . . have resulted from a slow yet steady erosion." They point out, among other things, that Lord North, with all his faults, was not an empty-headed optimist: "Neither North in the Commons nor Mansfield in the Lords once allowed himself the consolation . . . that victory would prove to be easy." They agree that the conciliatory Rockingham or even Chatham might not have been able to avoid war; yet they do

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not accept Namier's interpretation, which amounts to mere inevitability: "The Namierite view substituted helpless statesmen for willful and designing statesmen." And, with all the emphasis on Parliament, in the colonies "the King lacked the sources of support that were indispensable to the maintenance of his constitutional role at home." In addition to its other virtues, this book is beautifully printed and bound, a feather in the cap of Johns Hopkins University Press. JOHN LUKACS

MARTHA'S VINEYARD: *An Elegy, by Everett S. Allen (Little, Brown, 307 pp., $15.95).* Martha's Vineyard is an island about five miles off the Massachusetts coast; it has six towns, with a total population of about ten thousand, soaring to ninety thousand and more during the summer season. Mr. Allen—41 years a newspaperman on the *New Bedford Standard-Times* and author of *The Wind to Shake the World*, the story of the 1938 hurricane, and *The Black Ships*, about rumrunners during Prohibition—here tells what it was like to grow up among the decidedly not preppy ten thousand. Mr. Allen's family has lived on the island since 1669, and during most of this time life there remained much the same, even with the decline of whaling and the increase in tourism. In the last twenty years or so, however, many more mainlanders have opted for island life year-round, and the author notes with some sadness the difference this has made: "The Vineyard's tomorrow, whatever it is, will differ much from its yesterday, and that is why this is an elegy. What is gone, is gone, and some of what is gone was good. I am sorry that those who come after cannot know the Vineyard that I have known, but I look back without anger because much of what one remembers fondly was at best mixed and some of it never existed. When I was growing up, the whole island never really did belong to us from Labor Day to June, but as islanders, we were allowed the illusion for an incredible number of years." Mr. Allen of course has his own thoughts on the problem of summer people versus islanders, the "extraordinary juxtaposition of lifestyles; if the differences between these once were greater, the abrasiveness was lessened because there was less contact. If the differences today are fewer, sheer weight of numbers and increased frequency of contact have introduced new elements into what is essentially an effort to balance a social equation. The effort may be more intense but it is not new." He says as much in simpler terms when he writes of observing a work-stained butcher gaze at a beautiful and perfect summer person, concluding his longing look with: "I am going home and kick my wife down the stairs." *Martha's Vineyard: An Elegy* is a wry, old-fashioned book. JOE MYSAK

BLUE RISE, *by Rebecca Hill (Morrow, 296 pp., $14.95).* It sometimes seems that not only are we all actors playing our allotted parts, but we are stuck with a repetitive script. Rebecca Hill in her first novel, *Blue Rise*, quotes Edna St. Vincent Millay's line, "Life is one damn thing over and over," to describe a young woman seemingly trapped in an endless rerun. Jeannine Lewis, the novel's narrator, returns to the family home in Blue Rise, Mississippi, trying to understand whether her family might have been responsible for her unhappy marriage. By marrying Larry, a man quite unlike her family, she had hoped that she would be freed from her past, but it didn't work out that way. On the visit she confronts the memory of her father, a violent man who beat his children; her widowed mother, who believed that a woman's role was one of sacrifice; and her cousins, whom she had admired but who are now no happier than she is. As in many contemporary novels, the conclusion is a muted victory, a celebration of things relinquished rather than things gained. Jeannine, freed from the constraints of the past, is at last an adult, and the cycle is broken. Searching for self, escaping the past, and deciding whether a marriage can work are tired themes, but Rebecca Hill is a writer of promising strength who has transformed such clichés into a work of fresh appeal.

JUDITH CHETTLE

KILPATRICK

(Continued from page 754)

ferns and potted plants come in endless varieties and in various containers. In creating the board, not all growers would vote equally; large growers would be more equal than others.

Defending the Floraboard checkoff, the SAF emphasizes that the act will not cost the taxpayers a dime. True enough—but that is not the point that ought to concern us. How does one measure the extent of freedom in a free society? It is by the degree of compulsion. In this instance, the floral people tried voluntarism, but they grew impatient with it. They had to have a law, and by some skillful legislative sleight-of-hand, they got their law.

Voluntarism is a sturdy plant. It has deep roots in the American tradition. But like the famous furbish lousewort it has become an endangered species. In our own generation we have seen its leaves lose color and its roots begin to shrivel. Title XVII may be no more than a little fungus on the philodendron of our philosophy, but we will ignore this kind of thing at our peril. □

CASEWIT

(Continued from page 750)

reached for the only weapons they could find—they threw rocks at the tanks. By midafternoon dozens of Soviet armored vehicles were rattling across East Berlin's cobblestones.

Despite machine-gun bursts, brave East Berliners climbed the turrets of the metal monsters and tore off their radio antennas. On Leipzigerstrasse, two bold youths stuck a metal pole between the steel belts. The tank stopped dead. Other East Berliners pushed fence posts into a T-34's gun barrel or strewed the ground with boulders. At one point, workers advanced arm-in-arm against a firing Soviet machine gun. They marched on, holding the wounded up between them.

Facing the Wall

Tanks were everywhere now. So was martial law. The whole scene was like Budapest, three years later, when Soviet tanks again battled with civilians, or Prague in 1968.

"The East Berliners had the courage of despair," said James Conant, then U.S. High Commissioner in Germany.

Armored vehicles and artillery eventually guarded all major intersections. Russian machine guns were trained on government buildings. Whenever more than three people gathered, Soviet troops started shooting. At least six hundred East Germans were killed, 1,800 wounded. Backed by bayonets, Communist courts swung into vicious action. While the West protested, some 19,000 people were jailed in the style of the Solidarity arrests almost thirty years later. Communists lashed out at the workers, the very men in whose name they ruled.

In time, hundreds of Communist officials were purged. Many East Germans were sentenced to death as leaders of the revolt. "They rebelled against a system that had disguised slavery under the shabby cloak of socialism," Willy Brandt told West Germans.

Eight years later, in August 1961, the Communists built the Berlin Wall. Some thirty miles of barbed wire, rock, bricks, and death-strip ditches cut off East from West. And 17 million East Germans found themselves imprisoned once again.

But the rebellion is not forgotten by the world. June 17 was proclaimed a national holiday in West Germany. It is still a holiday thirty years later. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Finlandization on the March

On The Right

New York, June 8—Two reports, one from the *New York Times*'s John Vinocur, another from persons present at the meeting last month in Canada of the Bilderbergers, confirm what it is that those who use the term "Finlandization" are talking about. There is a human disposition to find dreary the repetition of words according as they describe exactly one's weakness. If Mary says to John, "You are drinking too much," he is likelier to snap back, "You're always saying that," if Mary has spoken the truth. During détente and the Vietnam War liberals would leave the room if you mentioned the word "Munich," for so simple a reason as that they were acting without reference to the enduring lesson of Munich. The Europeans' impatience with the word "Finlandization" precisely issues from their intuitive knowledge that Finlandization is a real thing, like herpes.

In northern continental Europe there are five powers that belong to NATO: Holland, Belgium, Norway, Denmark, and Luxembourg. The leaders of the socialist parties of these countries have for one reason or another, primarily the economic mess they created, been voted out of power. But their influence is considerable, and in the past few weeks one thing has become absolutely clear in Europe. It is that consolidating socialist domestic sentiment is against deployment of the Pershing and cruise missiles next December no matter what the Soviet Union does.

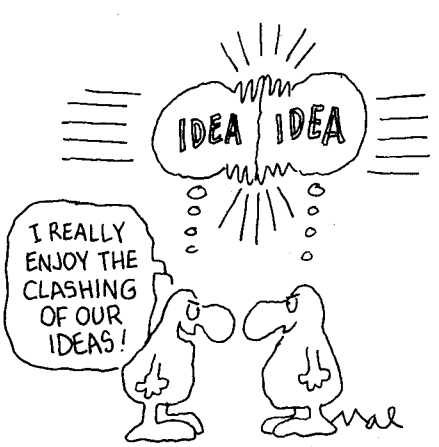
NOW THERE is no better word for what has happened than Finlandization. Consider how quickly history moves. In 1979 it was the leader of the Social Democrats and chancellor of West Germany, Helmut Schmidt, who called on the United States to do something to balance the firepower of the freshly installed Soviet SS-20s. We acceded to the request, which request was confirmed by the identical political groupings that are now acting as if the United States were planning an act of aggression against Europe.

In the excellent roundup in the *New York Times* we are confronted, nation by nation, with this most extraordinary change of heart by the northern socialists, alongside creeping capitulation by the Social Democrats in West Germany. Now in such situations as we confront we would not expect our allies to say: "It is correct that the United States should deploy, unless the Soviet Union withdraws, but we are scared to say the truth." Rather than speak plain language, spokesmen for Norway, Denmark, and West Germany are saying—is there a more accurate term for it?—what the Communists wish them to say.

1. "The United States is being inflexible." How? Because President Reagan began by saying we would not deploy our weapons only provided the Russians withdrew their weapons. Then, in the spring, Mr. Reagan pulled back from the zero option and said we would be willing to diminish the deployment pro tanto as the Soviet Union withdrew, missile (U.S.) for missile (Soviet). Why is it that the socialists are not accusing the Soviet Union of inflexibility? Remember: the objective is to restore the balance of power in Europe as it stood up until 1979.

2. "We do not really trust the United States' leadership." That charge might more plausibly be made if the American bishops were running American defense policy, but what Mr. Reagan is doing is living up to a *pledge* made by President Carter at the *behest* of Europeans. Whom *do* they trust? The Soviet Union? Since they speak only of their distrust of us, it becomes, once again, clear that they are frightened to speak objective truths.

3. "After all is said and done, the United States is just as bad as the Soviet Union." In a recent declaration, the Norwegian socialists called first on the United States to respect the sovereignty of Nicaragua, and only as an afterthought mentioned the Soviet Union's direct invasion of Afghanistan. As between the Soviet Union and the United States, there is really no choosing, they are telling us.



Einar Forde, deputy chairman of the Norwegian Labor Party, said it in as many words: "I fight against it, but the Soviet Union has won the propaganda race, and Soviet arguments are now often taken at face value." This is breathtaking stuff. Why? Because, in the end, the United States has only that—moral superiority—plus its bombs. We are the power that believes in an independent Europe. More than three decades of aid to Europe, alongside manifest barbarism by the Soviet Union, and we find Norwegians telling us that the Soviet Union has won the propaganda war.

Actually, it hasn't. What the Soviet Union has won is the war of nerves. It is a war that permits the Kremlin to issue demands and ultimatums objectively indefensible—and to know that European countries, one after another, will go along; will do so, in fact, until they have, effectively, lost their sovereignty. Some dare call it Finlandization. □

JUNGLE POLITICS *New York*, June 3—Some of the news reported out of Central America is sensationalized with obvious reference to the writers' prejudices. The British *Spectator* recently published an article by reporter Patrick Marnham, writing from Guatemala, in which he gave us a nice, if gruesome, case in point. Anthony Lewis had in March published a routine tirade, this time on "The Butchery in Guatemala": "We were told again and again of government soldiers, in uniform, arriving at a village, rounding up men and women and shooting them. But they apparently don't waste bullets on children. They pick them up by the feet and smash their heads against a wall. We heard of children being thrown in the air and bayoneted."

Reporter Marnham had no success whatever, traveling the western highlands of Guatemala where the above was said to have happened, in finding any substantiation for it. He allowed himself to ruminate on the general subject. "If you think about it, the feat would require quite a lot of practice. Even a child's body has a rib cage and a spine. The average fascist beast

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would look pretty silly if he threw a child in the air and the little chap just bounced off his bayonet and fell to the ground. Or are they supposed to teach this trick in Guatemalan infantry school?"

Ah, then, maybe Mr. Stephen Kass, representing the American Watch Committee, who gathered this information and gave it to Mr. Lewis, had really intended to refer to Guatemalan machetes, inasmuch as it turns out that the Guatemalans do not use bayonets. Well, says Mr. Marnham, the Guatemalans certainly know all about machetes, and if they had wanted to tell Mr. Kass about machetes, notwithstanding that the refugees were Indian and that therefore both parties were communicating in a second language, they presumably would have said machetes. "If the refugees meant machetes they would have said machetes. The English for machete is machete."

No one should feel any appetite to conceal, let alone vaporize, Central American savagery. But neither should we disguise current provocation. I wonder how a New Yorker would react if the handful of tunnels and bridges that bring food and people into Manhattan were suddenly blown up; and the word went out that anyone who helped to reconstruct these arteries would be executed by the New York Liberation Front. I suspect that even the Supreme Court would ponder the relevance of the exclusionary rule under such circumstances.

IT HAPPENS that a single bridge connecting El Salvador and Honduras, called El Amantillo, carries an estimated one-half of all land commerce in that region. It was put out of commission in April, and the guerrillas have, as recorded in an illuminating story in the *Los Angeles Times* by William Montalbano, "vowed to kill anyone who tries to repair it." In El Salvador, back in 1979, unemployment was at 7 per cent. It is at 40 per cent now, primarily owing to the guerrillas. Much of the eastern third of the country was without electricity for more than one-half of 1982. The country has lost half of its six hundred buses, the principal means of travel. Per capita income is down by more than 30 per cent. Two hundred thousand of the best-educated and -trained citizens have fled. The schools that have been closed are the equivalent of those in America that teach four million students.

How can they hang on? "Technically," a government economist is quoted, "there is already an economic collapse. The government is without operating funds for its budget." The only thing that keeps El Salvador from simply turning over the country to the Communist revolutionaries is: American aid. Much of which we are begrudging it because Congress is not satisfied by reports of measures of self-defense done without the hygienic standards of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. And because Mr. Stephen Solarz and his colleagues in Congress have discovered something called "unconditional negotiations," a diplomatic démarche that is something you recommend to probable losers (the democratic forces in El Salvador, struggling with the Communist insurrectionists), but would be caught dead before recommending to probable survivors (the Israelis, struggling with the PLO).

My guess is that El Salvador is going down. There is absolutely no reason to suppose that the fledgling United States launched by George Washington et al. could have overcome the kind of enemy the guerrillas in El Salvador represent. But why are our congressmen so reluctant to help? Did the guerrillas threaten them, if they helped rebuild the bridge of El Amantillo? □

GENTLEMEN, PLEASE

New York, June 6 —Gentlemen, gentlemen, please. Quiet—just a minute—let me speak, okay? Thank you, thank you. Thank you very much.

Now I was born with a balanced-budget spoon in my mouth. I was for a balanced budget when I was 16, and if I had been precocious, I'd have been for a balanced budget when I was six. But it was in my blood, is my point, and in due course it trickled to the brain, notwithstanding that I majored in Keynesianism at Yale. So please don't proceed as if I were indifferent to the ramifications of an unbalanced budget. In fact, I'm in favor of a balanced-budget constitutional amendment, so my orthodoxy is absolutely straight.

And yes, I know that Ronald Reagan criticized the hell out of Jimmy Carter for having run a budget deficit of $160 billion in the course of his four years in office, and yes, I know our deficit this year is going to be in excess of that figure.

What was that, Mr. Mitterrand? Our deficit is endangering the French economy? But when you ran for office, you complained that the principal danger to the European economy was the U.S. inflation rate. It was 13 per cent then and is down now to 4 per cent—What's that? Interest rates?

Well, our interest rates were running at over 20 per cent when Reagan took office, and they are half of that now. What's that? They're going to head back up because of our deficit?

Yes, I think that's true. Only not as much as widely held. It is true that credit is finite, and that to the extent the unbalanced budget eats up that credit, there is less of it left for other needs, and it's true that scarcity breeds price increases. It's also true that the Fed, if it steps in to mitigate the credit shortage by creating a lot of money, will bring inflation back. So that it would appear we are headed for either a) higher interest, or b) higher inflation. I think that is correct. But you people—yes, Fritz, I'm looking at you—and Alan—and John (how does political campaigning compare with weightlessness, John?)—and also the neo-Rockefellerites—if that's what you want to call Bob Dole, John Chafee, Mac Mathias—are suggesting two things. They are: a) cut down on defense expenditures, and b) raise taxes.

NOW THE Constitution vests the President with the responsibilities of Commander-in-Chief. That doesn't mean it vests him with infallibility. It does mean that his evaluation of the defense needs of the country becomes a grave statistic. And remember, if we were to go the freeze route, and the no-nuclear route, we'd have to double, maybe triple, our defense spending.

On the matter of taxation, what's the quickest way of saying it? How about this: During the Second World War, when nothing counted except victory, when 15 million Americans were drafted, we were taxing the American people 29 per cent of the GNP. Right now we're taxing 39 per cent of the GNP. Colin Clark, the Oxford economist, cautioned a generation ago against taxing more than 25 per cent of the GNP.

Does that mean I'm resigned to a big deficit and what it portends, you ask?

You're asking a political question, and I'll give you a political answer. We have an election coming up, as God knows this group knows. Military spending accounts for 23 per cent of total federal spending. What spending program has Reagan initiated, other than in defense? When last, before 1980, was either House of Congress controlled by Republicans? That's right: 1954. So that every dollar being spent, creating the huge deficit, is a dollar voted to be spent by Democratic Congresses. Reagan has no authority to repeal entitlement programs.

So Congress needs to take the blame for the deficit. That part of the deficit that represents increased defense spending, Reagan can take the blame for, if that's the right word for the culpability of mounting our defense. Take what Carter wanted to spend on defense—$138 billion—and what Reagan proposes to spend—$170 billion. A difference of $32 billion. Assign Reagan the blame for that much of the deficit. The rest is a Democratic responsibility.

Okay, go ahead and boo me. But I got under your skin, didn't I? Okay, okay, I'm leaving. Just wanted one word. Pluralistic society, remember? Ask the ACLU. They'll be here any minute now. They're all home praying. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. One of the Psalms — 22 15 109 156 47 125 142

B. An institution where education is expensive (2 words) — 2 68 7 14 153 117 92 137 32 44

C. One of the Commandments — 66 49 133 16 149 159

D. A tragedy by Aeschylus — 72 154 150 160 116 58 40 17 167

E. What a musician's performance might be — 80 118 1 129 31 35 56 91 102 136

F. The capital of a North American nation — 82 33 89 6 77 18

G. Where the Minotaur was kept — 112 23 103 97 86 42 59 158 161

H. An allotment — 124 45 164 108 60 8 144 157

I. A novel by Jane Austen — 3 5 41 55

J. Where Albright College is located — 135 20 121 145 61 166 50

K. An orator — 155 51 87 105 46 100

L. A large city in Nebraska — 11 63 148 34 163

M. HER TOAST (anagram) — 9 147 64 90 73 52 152 94

N. A frequent pitching performance of Walter Johnson's — 24 78 36 65 74 104 101

O. One of our Western states — 39 26 19 62 88 99

P. A printer's measure + a male relative + a pronoun = a term used by psychologists — 93 75 84 38 106 128 53

Q. A literary production — 113 122 110 127 130 21 29

R. Lincoln's bodyguard; he was out of town on April 14, 1865 — 43 70 131 126 96

S. The theory of numbers — 143 67 95 30 114 119 134 139 4 81

T. A warder of the Tower of London — 25 54 76 12 79 132 146 123 107

U. To stress (Brit. sp.) — 98 83 120 140 111 57 27 37 151

V. Foliaceous — 48 165 85 138 10

W. What legislators do to make a bill more palatable to opponents — 69 71 141 162 13 115 28

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 770 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 E	2 B	3 I		4 S	5 I	6 F	7 B	8 H	9 M	10 V		11 L	12 T		13 W
14 B	15 A		16 C	17 D	18 F	19 O	20 J	21 Q	22 A		23 G	24 N		25 T	26 O	27 U
28 W	29 Q		30 S	31 E	32 B		33 F	34 L	35 E	36 N	37 U	38 P	39 O	40 D		41 I
42 G	43 R	44 B	45 H	46 K	47 A		48 V	49 C	50 J	51 K	52 M	53 P	54 T	55 I	56 E	57 U
	58 D	59 G		60 H	61 J	62 O	63 L	64 M	65 N	66 C	67 S		68 B	69 W		70 R
71 W	72 D	73 M	74 N	75 P	76 T		77 F	78 N	79 T	80 E		81 S	82 F	83 U	84 P	85 V
86 G	87 K	88 O		89 F	90 M		91 E	92 B	93 P		94 M	95 S	96 R	97 G		98 U
99 O	100K	101N	102E		103G	104N	105K		106P	107T	108H	109A	110Q	111U	112G	
113Q	114S	115W	116D		117B	118E	119S	120U	121J	122Q	123T	124H		125A	126R	
127Q	128P	129E		130Q	131R	132T	133C	134S	135J	136E		137B	138V		139S	140U
141W		142A	143S	144H	145J		146T	147M	148L	149C		150D	151U	152M	153B	154D
155K	156A	157H		158G	159C	160D		161C	162W	163L	164H	165V	166J	167D		

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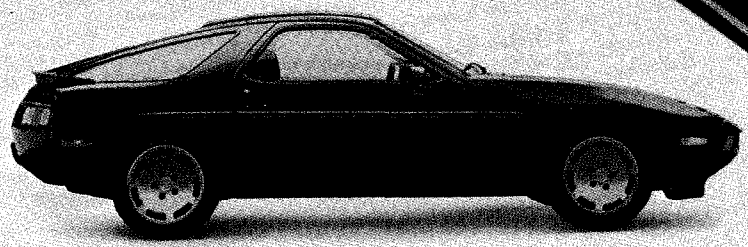
23 Porsche 928S

The Porsche 928S is the fastest street-legal production car in America. On the track, its top speed has been clocked at 146 mph. In addition, the 928S is the most comfortable and luxurious Porsche ever built. (See details below.)



Based on years of racing experience, Porsche has designed the interior of the 928S to integrate the car and the driver as one.

Components have been designed to adjust to the requirements of the driving conditions or the individual driver.

For example, the power-assisted rack-and-pinion steering has variable boost. Maximum assistance is provided at low speeds and during parking. But assistance is reduced at high speeds—for optimum road-feel feedback.

The driver's leather, anatomically designed, power-operated seat can be positioned for height, length, and inclination.

Both the leather-covered steering wheel and the instrument cluster can be adjusted up or down to assure an unobstructed view of the dials and gauges from any seat position.

As standard equipment, the 928S offers a choice of transmissions: 5-speed manual (0-50 mph in 5.2 seconds) or 4-speed automatic (0-50 mph in 5.6 seconds). Also: Four-wheel, power disc brakes. Power windows. Electrically adjustable/heated outside mirrors. Automatic cruise control. Automatic climate control. Central door-locking system. And high-performance alloy wheels.

Some people ask why we put so much luxury in a performance car. And others ask why we put so much performance in a luxury car.

To both, our answer is the same. We are Porsche. And we know no other way. At Porsche, excellence is expected.

For your dealer, call toll-free: (800) 447-4700.

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Packed With Flavor.

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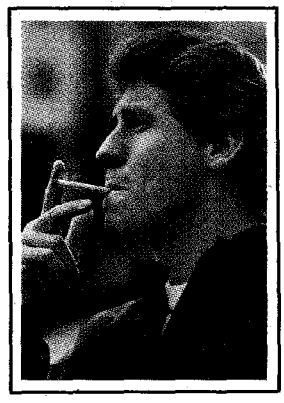
A good measure of tobacco flavor. You taste it the moment you light up.

You taste it with every puff you take.

That's what you get with MERIT.

Taste way out of proportion to tar.

If you smoke for flavor, you'll know.



8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'83

Nothing halfway about it.

MERIT

© Philip Morris Inc. 1983

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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